POEMS

BY

MR. FENTON.

——Convivæ prope dissentire videntur
Poscentes vario multum diversa Palato;
Quid dem? quid non dem?

Hor. Ep.

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M.DCC.LXXIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Neque cuiquam tam ſtatim clarum Ingenium eſt,
ut poſſit emergere, niſi illi Materia Occaſio,
Fautor etiam, Commendatorque contingat.

PLIN. EP.

KNOWN to the world from thy illuſtrious line!
Known by the favours of the ſacred nine!
CARLISLE, a muſe obſcure attends to bring
Her helpleſs brood beneath thy noble wing;
And of each ill, which threats their age, afraid,
Commits them ſafe to that protecting ſhade.
The cens'ring world perhaps may learn to ſpare
The Charge, in honour to the Guardian's care;
And the muſe prove, in ſome maturer ſtrain,
The kind protection not beſtow'd in vain.

BARNARD'S-INN,
June 19, 1773.

RICHARD FENTON.

POEMS.

Imbelliſque lyræ muſa potens.

Hor.

SOAR who will on Theban wing,
Touch who dare the Chian ſtring;
And untir'd with midnight toil,
Waſte their prime and waſte their oil,
To purſue the phantom Fame,
For a reverſionary name.
Empty vapour! wreath of ſmoke!
As ſoon as rais'd, a bubble broke!
The chace no longer I'll purſue,
No longer hold the ſhade in view;

Reaſon warns me of the cheat,
Health invites me to retreat;
And mourns the years we ſteal from joy,
On this deceiver to employ:
Caution ſhews me in her glaſs
All the dangers I muſt paſs;
The terror of the twin reviews,
Th' aſſaſſin ſtab of K——k's muſe;
And monſters worſe, which line the way,
To make th' advent'rer their prey.
Adieu! then, ye deluſive train,
Fairy coinage of the brain;
The depth of the Caſtalian fount!
The ſummit of th' Aonian mount!
Viſions which the boſom warm,
When Phœbus gives the firſt alarm;
And young ambition ſtints his lays
To nothing meaner than the bays.

Below, where Cenſure takes her ſtand,
Where her fell rapacious band
Of Critics, make their Harpy meal,
Too mean for notice, let me ſteal,
To offer at that humble ſhrine,
Where at times the ſacred Nine
In ſweet ſimplicity deſcend,
To the lover and the friend.
Tho' no laurels ſhade the ground,
There the ſweeteſt flowers abound;
Such as all the graces wove
For the * Bard of Leaſowe's grove;
And to † Hagley's mourner gave
To beſtrew his Lucy's grave.
Favor'd names! my breaſt inſpire;
Themes like your's! divide the lyre.

Let

* Shenstone. † Lord Lyttelton.

Let me with ſuch plaintive verſe
Hang my friend's untimely hearſe;
Let me in ſuch pleaſing lays
Wanton in my charmer's praiſe:
Let me ſooth Lyſander's ſhade,
Let Celia ſmile, and I am paid.

To

To a PAINTER,

Attempting CÆLIA's Picture.

Magna petis ——; & quæ nec viribus istis
—Conveniant.—

OVID.

PResumptuous artiſt! will thy genius dare
My Cælia's matchleſs charms to comprehend?
To prove beyond deſcription how ſhe's fair,
How far the limits of thy art extend.

Fluſh'd with the precepts glean'd from mould'ring Rome,
Proud as thou art of all that thou haſt ſeen;
Yet with confuſion own a form at home,
That ſhames thy models of the Cyprian queen.

By nature's hand inimitable made,
Near her thy breathing ſcience liſeleſs ſee,
Where in each other loſt the light and ſhade
Harmoniouſly proportion'd ſo agree.
What ſkill th' oppoſing colours ſhall unite!
What unknown fountain yield the rare ſupplies!
Where beams a radiance ſo divinely bright,
To emulate the luſtre of her eyes.

Say, wilt thou mark the infant roſe's bloom,
Or catch the brighteſt diamond's vivid ray;
Or dip thy pencil in the ſhow'ry bow,
And ſteal the orient bluſhes of the day?

Each charm that ſtarts, what fancy can purſue!
Numbers were wanting for the countleſs ſtore:
For, multiply'd upon the raviſh'd view,
Each op'ning charm unfolds a myriad more.

At each new touch new graces ſtill ſurprize,
To elevate and ſwell the bold deſign;
Which aſks a genius ripen'd in the ſkies,
An angel's finger, or a love like mine.

Thy ſkill inanimate nor bluſh to own,
Nor raſhly tread this arduous road to fame;
Unleſs a victim to th' attempt alone,
Thy fate have power to eternize thy name.

To a LADY,

On ſeeing ſome artificial Flowers; particularly a Shrub in Bloom, formed by her out of a Gentleman's Handkerchief.

Admiranda levium ſpectacula rerum.——VIRGIL.

WHILST half thy ſex to all the meaneſt arts
Devote their faces, and devote their hearts;
Skill'd to abuſe the bleſſings nature lent,
And proudly dictate what ſhe never meant;

'Till vanity to ſatiate wants deſires,
And fancy tortur'd on the rack expires.
Long be thy boaſt, the happier art which draws
From nature's ſource alone ſublimer laws;
By no fantaſtic images diſgrac'd,
Where all is ſimply great, and boldly chaſte.
Bleſt artizan! whoſe labours can ſupply
The ſpring's migration to a warmer ſky;
Recal the deſolate parterre to wear
The richeſt liveries of the riper year.
Whatever change the ſeaſons may ſuſtain,
Unfailing ſummer wantons in thy train;
Thy hand enſures her beauties from decay,
And bids December take the look of May:
For nature, to provide for Flora's fate,
Breath'd o'er thy mind, and taught thee to create.
Here op'ning buds their embrio births diſcloſe,
Some future lily, or ſome future roſe!

And there to give thy bold conception room,
Fluſh'd with full life expands the perfect bloom!
Where through each ſoft gradation ev'ry hue,
And ev'ry fibre is preſerv'd to view:
While art with nature holds a dubious ſtrife,
Pregnant with almoſt vegetative life.
'Tis thine to prove that not a ſingle charm
Owns the conceit, which nature fails to warm,
Tho' Cox inſtruct his varying gems to ſhine,
And beggar India for the bright deſign;
Whilſt not a bud that ſwells, by her inſpir'd,
Beneath thy hand ſhall periſh unadmir'd.
Hence, at thy touch alchymic we behold,
The baſeſt droſs refining into gold;
* Yon ſhrub all blooming by the coxcomb's ſide,
Has bleach'd in all the emptineſs of pride;
But loſt in ſuch exiſtence, who can trace
Its late condition, and its paſt diſgrace?

* Alluding to the transformation of the gentleman's handkerchief.

Thy ſkill exalts its nature and its name,
And gives it title to the faireſt fame.
Thus 'ere the treaſures of the mine had birth,
Hid in the ſecret caverns of the earth,
The regal ſtamp ſome meaner ſubſtance bore,
Contracted value, and was mean no more:
Sacred beneath the charge it iſſu'd forth,
And from th' impreſſion gain'd a current worth.

On the Firſt Day of MARCH, 1772.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Right Hon. GEORGE RICE, Eſq;

———*Fuimus Troes*———

VIRGIL.

OH! could the muſe the waſte of time illume,
And throw aſide oblivion's duſky plume;
What honour'd names in ſuch reſearch would ſhine,
Sown o'er the gloom, like diamonds in the mine!

What bright exploits, ſtill brighter by the claim,
Might Cambria challenge to enlarge her fame?
But as the grave, tenacious of its prey,
What time devours reviſits not the day.
Loſt are her records, faithleſs to their truſt,
Obſcure the letter'd arch, and ſhapeleſs buſt;
In freedom's cauſe, where oft her heroes bled,
They ſleep inglorious with the vulgar dead:
In vain the muſes promis'd endleſs praiſe,
The bards have periſh'd, and their tuneful lays;
By Edward's barbarous ſword untimely ſlain,
They left the world to mourn th' unfiniſh'd ſtrain.
How many harps, to airs immortal ſtrung,
Fell mute, or execrations only ſung!
Whilſt the ſad echoes from each craggy dell,
'Round Sowdon's ſide return'd the horrid yell.
His birth bely'd, ſome cruel tygreſs bare,
Or nurs'd the ruffian in her ſavage lair;

Where

Where murder ſuckled him with human blood,
And form'd congenial to his foſter brood:
Or would not muſic have poſſeſt a charm
To ſtay the ruthleſs purpoſe of his arm?
Ill-fated country! wert thou doom'd to feel
Heaven's laſt of curſes, the oppreſſor's ſteel?
Whilſt nothing o'er the maſſacre prevail'd,
But the ſad tale, how all thy glory fail'd.
Of all the deeds thy former greatneſs knew,
Tradition only has preſerv'd a few;
Of all the days which ſhone on thy renown,
Invidious fate has left us only one:
Gorg'd with her ſpoils, in ſhew of pity gave
This poor memento to a nation's grave;
Through that dark age to tempt th' enquiring eye,
To ſearch for annals more illuſtrious nigh.
Sav'd from time's ruins, ſacred relick, hail!
With time improving, over time prevail;

And

And be the fatal period long delay'd,
Whoſe date ſhall witneſs to thy rites unpaid,
When but a name to CAMBRIA ſhall be left,
Of all her honours, all her ſons bereft.
Yet truſt the ſtrain, let greedy fate enjoy
All ſhe has ſpoil'd, and all ſhe can deſtroy;
Her pow'r defy'd, ere ſuch a change be ſeen,
Ages auſpicious yet ſhall roll between;
While this day ſhall revolve, whoſe rites alone
For more than periſh'd ages can atone;
While to their antient ſpirit cleaving faſt,
Britons ſhall wear like Britons to the laſt.
What, tho' we claim no more our ſcepter'd pow'rs,
Yet virtue's brighter diadem be ours!
Want we hiſtorians to atteſt our fame?
Want we the poet's ſanction for a name?
The world from nobler evidence ſhall trace
The genuine iſſue of the Britiſh race;

From ſtreams which pure, without alloy, ſhall run
In diſcontinu'd courſe, from ſire to ſon:
Proofs which indelible ſhall ſtill remain,
When the lyre ſleeps, and ſtone has breath'd in vain.
How many nations live on empty praiſe,
Recorded only in the poet's lays;
Or riſque their credit with a future age,
Like houſeleſs vagrants in th' hiſtorian's page:
Whoſe names and nature elſe no more ſurvive,
Each ſpark extinct that kept their fame alive;
Far from whoſe bounds the ſciences are fled,
Whoſe genius, like their languages, is dead;
Whence freedom exil'd glads a happier coaſt,
Or haunts ſome patriot's grave a wand'ring ghoſt.

The ſpot where Rome rul'd miſtreſs of the earth,
Shame to the ſoil! uſurps a ſpurious birth;

Where Tully's magic periods us'd to charm,
Where dying freedom nerv'd a Cato's arm:
The ſelf-ſame clime, oh! ſad reverſe! imparts
Men without manhood, without wiſdom arts:
Or wiſdom ſuch as trails a dance along,
Or manhood to be barter'd for a ſong.
And was not, Greece, thy deſtiny as hard?
What has Rome ſuffer'd that thou haſt not ſhar'd?
Thy poliſh'd taſte o'ergrown with barb'rous ruſt,
Thy rigid mind enervated with luſt;
Paſſions untam'd, and pow'r that knows no rule,
Triumph o'er Solon's walks, and Plato's ſchool.

Let CAMBRIA learn from their degen'rate ſtate,
Not raſh to tax the rigour of her fate;
But own with grateful joy from this ſurvey
Of rapid waſte, more gradual her decay.

For,

For, when beheld in this contrafted light,
Grows not the ſhadowy retroſpect more bright?
As diſtant ruins mixing with the ſky,
In ſome fair landſcape faintly meet the eye;
Loſt in the happier ſcene, ſo ſcarce appears
This depredation, and this change of years.
Superior to the ravages of time,
The ſame free-ſpirit animates her clime;
Still ſhines unſully'd that æthereal flame
Which lights up glory in the heroe's frame.
She gives the neareſt title to the throne,
And ſhines the ſecond gem in Albion's crown.
Nor boaſt we laſt, that 'tis our Prince's pride
Annual our country's tribute to divide;
Who blends his honour with a nation's due,
And feels himſelf an ancient Briton too.
'Rapt at the name, whilſt round a duteous band
They preſs in competition for his hand;

As o'er the pleaſing ſcene his eyes are caſt,
His young rememb'rance turns to ages paſt:
Whilſt all the well-ſelected page has taught
Starts at the view, and wakens on his thought.
He ſeems with admiration to behold
That dauntleſs ſpirit ſo renown'd of old;
Which made them rivals in the bloody ſtrife,
And for their country prodigal of life;
Which ſtill unchang'd by chance of war, poſſeſt
The great Caractacus's captive breaſt;
That victor Rome, in her triumphal ſtate,
With envy bluſh'd at his ſuperior fate.
Then pleaſingly imagines all the dread
Of horrid war impending o'er his head;
Safe in that zeal, by tyranny unaw'd,
Stranger alike to cowardice and fraud:
The thought returns with luſtre to his crown,
And ſtrengthens the foundations of his throne.

Still as he looks, perhaps he ſhifts the ſight,
And views them in a nobler point of light;
And finds that 'tis not a barbarian pride
Which marks a Briton from the world beſide;
Becauſe thoſe mountains fix'd by nature's hand,
Frown the unconquer'd barriers of his land:
Finds he diſclaims not the more ſocial mind,
Which makes his own the intereſt of mankind;
That the bold eye which never wink'd at fear,
Pitying, can melt in no diſgraceful tear.
Then bids th' imagin'd ſcene of war to ceaſe,
Charm'd with thoſe virtues which ennoble peace:
More pleas'd to patronize the gentler arts,
And ſtretch his empire o'er ſuch feeling hearts;
Than from the riſing to the ſetting ſun,
O'er the whole globe by impious ſlaughter won.

And ſhall we boaſt the ſame unconquer'd mind!
The ſame our genius only more refin'd!
Which like the poliſh'd marble ſtill retains
Each mark inherent, and its native veins;
And, tho' o'er all the ſculptor's art is ſhewn,
Shames not the quarry whence it firſt was hewn.
And ſhall the day which gives us to prolong
This boaſt, paſs undiſtinguiſh'd with the throng
That fill the year, and not above the reſt
Be with ſome fairer character impreſt!
No—for the pray'rs of ages yet unborn
Shall wait the * reſolutions of this morn:
The patriot paſſion ſhall divide its claim,
Or, loſt in charity, forget its name.
The lib'ral hand let no reſerve with-hold,
Nor in its office let the heart grow cold:

With

* Reſpecting the charitable inſtitution which this day ſupports.

With luke-warm rapture 'twere a ſin to glow,
To be enthuſiaſt were a virtue now.
Far be the wretch, a Briton but in part,
Frugal of zeal, who pours but half his heart;
Who warp'd by prejudice from his native clime,
Profanes th' intent, and calls the debt a crime.
And let not oſtentation vain preſume
Upon its motto'd leek, or tow'ring plume;
And think that theſe externals to diſplay
Diſcharges all the duties of the day:
Ill-founded let ſuch titles be deny'd,
And charge not virtue with a debt of pride.
But is there he, who dares to be ſincere,
Whoſe heart ſhall in his ſacrifice appear,
Whoſe virtuous life ennobles more than blood,
With whom alone 'tis greatneſs to be good?
Him, and but him, of ſuch exalted ſoul,
This day amongſt her votariſts ſhall enroll.

With

With youth and fortune fav'ring, RICE, 'tis thine
Amongſt the glorious catalogue to ſhine;
To prove thyſelf of that illuſtrious ſource,*
Whoſe ſtreams through ages have maintain'd their courſe,
And flowing pure thro' many a princely vein,
Devolve to run thro' thine without a ſtain.
Then, by this teſt be thy pretenſions prov'd,
Superior emulation to be mov'd:
And let thy country's Genius wait to blend
The names of Briton, and the Orphan's Friend.
Or, are the duties of the public weal
So unremitting, 'twere a crime to ſteal
An hour for ſuch devoted uſe, to ſpare,
Tho' not leſs noble, a more partial care?
Yet go—the nation will permit the truce,
And be thy abſence only thy excuſe.
O, cou'd I follow!—but my natal hour
Beſtow'd the will, and then with-held the pow'r:

* Being lineally deſcended from the Princes of South-Wales.

Yet, tho' the fates have unpropitious laid
My hopes to periſh in oblivion's ſhade,
Where worth deſpairing oft has pin'd unknown,
And without bliſs, were virtue not its own;
Whilſt thou, and thy com-patriot friends are bent
On glory's ſteep, and toiling up th' aſcent;
Be mine to glow tranſported at the view,
Then turn and weep, that I cannot purſue:
Thy bolder path unenvying to admire
And to be great without a crime aſpire.
For ſtill above neceſſity's controul,
My heart ſhall pant impatient for the goal,
Bleſt in its wiſh to animate the ſlow,
Or twine a wreath for the victorious brow.
Haply, my muſe may touch ſome languid ear,
And ſpur the youth that ſlackens his career;
Haply, in ſuch an age, her honeſt lays,
Unmix'd with flatt'ry, ſhall be reckon'd praiſe;

For nobly ſhe diſdains to ſue for fame,
On terms that truth and honour might diſclaim;
Nor of another palm ambitious ſings,
Than what from virtuous emulation ſprings.

To a Young GENTLEMAN,

On his BIRTH-DAY.

Munus eas gratum——————OVID.

ACCEPT, dear youth, the tributary lay
That waits to hail thee on this happy day;
And in the train who bleſs thy natal hour,
Indulge the muſe to add a bleſſing more.
In one ſmooth current as thy life glides on,
With all the peace thy infant age has known;

Like

Like this fair day, may ev'ry annual round,
As free from care, as full of joy be found:
With ev'ry hope to tempt thee to purſue,
With not a fear to ſadden thy review.
Still may that lovely parent, who beſtows
The tend'reſt culture on ſo fair a roſe,
With tranſport each revolving ſun behold
Awaken'd beauties freſher ſweets unfold;
'Till proof to ev'ry blight they ſhall appear
In all the ripeneſs of the manlier year:
And to improve her joy; let ev'ry grace
Be but the mind's reflection on the face.
Long may the God of Health unſparing ſhed
Each roſeate bleſſing round thy favour'd head;
The ſame kind power her happy ſteps attend,
Preſerve to thee, and to mankind a friend.
O, be it late ere thou art taught to know
From ſuch a loſs, what genuine ſorrows flow;

'Till, copying all her virtues one by one,
Thou make the bright original thy own;
And all the graces which inform her mind,
By tranſplantation flouriſh more refin'd:
When the ſad pang thy heart might better bear,
To find her take a new exiſtence there.
Such virtuous ſouls have never cauſe to mourn
The theft of time, or wiſh it to return;
To live nor anxious, nor afraid to die,
They mark the lapſe of years; without a ſigh;
Their eye alike indiff'rently they caſt,
Or on the time to come, or on the paſt.
To them, the day that gives th' alarm of fate,
Is but a birth-day to a better ſtate.

TO DR. GOLDSMITH,

On the Publication of his

DESERTED VILLAGE.

——Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere Camænæ
——omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.——

TIBULLUS.

LONG had the Muſes felt their pow'rs expire,
Their laurels wither'd, nerveleſs ev'ry lyre;
Or only ſtrung, when to ſecure the bays
The Laureat toils to find a dreſs for praiſe;

And through each lyric, each pindaric mode,
Fatigues the Proteus features of the ode:
'Till thou wert ſent to reinſtate their reign,
And bid th' Aonian grove look green again;
Whilſt each mute chord grows vocal at thy hand,
As guſh'd the mountain at the prophet's wand:
And to thy breaſt in gratitude the Nine
Tranſplant their laurels, and remove their ſhrine.
Safe from this point ſhall mem'ry dare to range
O'er the paſt ſcenes, exulting in the change;
Recal the frequent cauſe that wak'd their fears,
Each pang they felt to juſtify their tears:
When with exotic wreaths their ſhrine was hung,
And Shakeſpeare ſilenc'd by an Eunuch's tongue;
When ſad they thought, expiring ev'ry hope,
That poetry had left the world with POPE.
But ſee a brighter æra now commence!
Their joys augmented by ſuch dread ſuſpence!

Enough

Enough is wept for our degen'rate taſte,
Our ſtrains enervate, and our ſcenes diſgrac'd.
For POPE enough; if at the ſad review
The tears will ever ceaſe to ſtream anew.
See from his ſweets another Phœnix riſe,
And of his kind alone ſalute the ſkies!
Hark! what melodious numbers wake the ſtrings!
He lives again! or is it GOLDSMITH ſings?
Who next diſcov'rer after him, has found
The magic treaſures of perſuaſive ſound.
If to ought mortal he incline an ear,
If ought from earth can dare to enter there;
Where now preferr'd to charm th' angelic throng,
To notes cœleſtial he adapts the ſong:
How will he haſten to divide our joy,
And ſteal a moment from his bleſt employ?
And ſure ſuch ſtrains without a crime might ſtay
Some liſt'ning Seraph on his heavenly way.

Say, wer't thou by to catch his lateſt breath,
Harmonious, like a dying ſwan's in death;
That thus thy breaſt with all his virtue glows;
That thus thy line with all his muſic flows?

Bleſt Bard, whoſe ſubject ſo excels thy lays!
Whoſe matchleſs numbers are thy ſecond praiſe!
Let ſpurious rhymers, dubious of applauſe,
Suborn the ear a party in their cauſe;
With ſong as empty as a harlot's ſmile,
Play round the ſenſe our reaſon to beguile.
Not to the ear alone thy notes addreſt
Wait the free ſuff'rage of the thinking breaſt;
To mend the heart in ev'ry line we find
A tranſcript of thy own harmonious mind.
Unlike the world, which lies in wait for blame,
And ſeeks occaſion to obſcure a name;

Thy kinder muſe unwilling to expoſe,
A friendly veil o'er human frailty throws;
Nor to thy kindred failings more a friend,
Than foremoſt ev'ry virtue to commend;
Proud where ſhe can our nature to adorn,
And paint for admiration more than ſcorn.
* No longer foul with each opprobrious ſtain,
The mark of fools, and jeſt of the profane;
With parts our imitation to engage
The village preacher dignifies thy page:
Already half divine he wears an air
Like Heav'n ſerene, and like his Miſſion fair;
And ere the glaſs which meaſures life be run,
The occupation of the Saint's begun.
Pitch'd to the gentleſt key, what ſtrings impart
The touch of pity to thy feeling heart!

Whether

* The lines which follow refer to ſeveral parts of the Deſerted Village.

Whether thy muſe, in miſery's defence,
Shall plead the cauſe of injur'd innocence;
So feelingly through all her ſorrows flow,
That cruelty might ſoften at her woe:
Or to the ſhore the fugitives attend,
And pay the laſt ſad office of a friend.
What complicated pangs! what freſh delay!
What fond reluctance ſadden all the way!
Whilſt all that ever charm'd, and ſtill is dear,
At once awake to agonize the tear.
The parting ſcene, what heart will not deplore!
What eye not weep that never wept before!
Still as I read I ſeem to catch thy flame,
Which quick as light'ning ſhoots thro' all my frame;
At ev'ry line I feel thy mingled pain,
And indignation boils in ev'ry vein.
Sincerely felt, forbid me not to join
My ſighs and ſympathetic tears with thine;

Of bitt'reſt curſes let me ſwell the ſcore,
To heap on luxury's pernicious pow'r:
Whoſe throne, deſtructive of the great and good,
By pride ſupported ſounds itſelf in blood;
Whilſt ſcar'd at the Uſurper's ſtern command,
The gentler bleſſings all forſake the land;
Far from their native ſeats injurious driv'n,
Without a friend, "ſave innocence and heav'n."
Peace be your guide fair train, the muſe devotes
One ſad farewel, unheeding of her notes!
Your loſt condition helpleſs to retrieve,
'Tis all ſhe can, indulge the muſe to grieve.
Felt thro' thy page where'er we turn our view,
New horrors riſing as we ſtill purſue,
We mark the rural deſolation true.
But poetry ſhall ſtill unhurt remain,
'Till thou be number'd of the exile train;

And

And as the ſpreading ruin more alarms,
Round her laſt hope ſhall cloſer throw her arms:
In thee of all her richeſt care poſſeſt,
Grow with redoubled fondneſs to thy breaſt.
In life thro' ev'ry ſtate ſo long ally'd,
Such friends ſincere death only ſhall divide.
Thus, when the fierce contagion mocks relief,
Some tender mother, overwhelm'd with grief,
Turns her affrighted mem'ry from the bed,
Where half her little family lies dead;
And as the circle of affection fails,
And fiercer ſtill the work of death prevails,
Her ſole ſurviving babe has all her fear,
And all her hopes collected centre there:
Still at each fainter groan ſhe clings more faſt,
Nor quits her darling, till ſhe breathes her laſt.

On a LADY,

Fainting at CHURCH.

——An vitiis carentem,
Ludit imago
Vana——

HOR.

WHEN fix'd in all the zeal of pray'r
Thy eyes no earthly joys purſue;
When all the world, and mortal care,
Grow leſs and leſs upon the view:
What envious ſhadows intervene
To cloud thy beatific ſcene?

What

What ſteals inſidious o'er thy face
To rob the roſes of their bloom;
Scattering over ev'ry grace
The paleſt lilies in their room?
Or is it death which chills thy breaſt!
Or is it thus that angels reſt!

Be this the mockery of death;
Yet, riper for cœleſtial bliſs,
Thou ſhalt reſign thy lateſt breath,
Diſſolving in a trance like this:
Then, let this pauſe from life ſupply
An image how the virtuous die.

If what can charm the waking ſenſe
Still perſeveres to charm the ſoul;
Where'er ſhe ſoars in this ſuſpence,
Above the body's groſs controul:

What

What viſions now to thee are given,
Which antedate the bliſs of heav'n.

How pleas'd thy ſpirits muſt retire,
Thus diſembodied from their clay;
And on ſublimer wings aſpire
To reach the regions of the day!
Where the ſoul ſhort excurſions tries,
To grow familiar with the ſkies.

When firſt the new-fledg'd bird eſſays
His weak, and yet untutor'd flight,
He circles round in many a maze,
Ere bold he tempt th' aerial height:
Thus the ſame path ſo often trod,
At laſt will lead thee to thy God.

The RAPTURE.

———*ego ſemper amavi.*

Et ſi, quid faciam nunc quoque, quæris; amo.

OVID.

LET the luke-warm lover be
Curſt with doubt and jealouſy;
And be impotence and hate
Added to augment his fate;
Let indiff'rence' frigid hand
O'er him wave her opiate wand:
Cold let him doze o'er lifeleſs charms,
Remote from joy, and Cælia's arms.

Fly ſuſpicion, fly me care,
Haunt the ſteps of pale deſpair;
Far be melancholy's train,
And the family of pain;
Hover o'er the inceſtuous head;
Plant with thorns the monſter's bed;
But far from me your gloom remove,
Nor dare to chill my Cælia's love.

With no guſt of wild deſire,
Love, the laſting flame inſpire;
Rapture, wing each happy hour,
Snatch'd from fate's invidious pow'r;
Give me pleaſure, give me joy,
Ever new, unknown to cloy:
Whate'er be happy wait on me,
When Cælia I am bleſt with thee.

But what anguiſh wrings my heart
When the hour alarms to part!
Envious time, thy ſhadow ſtay,
And repel the haſt'ning day;
Or with kinder ſwiftneſs bring
On thy circulating wing
The happier hour, that bids me prove
My Cælia's due return to love.

'Tis no common ſpeed I want,
With no common ardour pant;
Thought would call the body ſlow
Was I fleeter than the roe;
Had I pow'r to leave the wind,
And the light'ning's wing behind,
When Cælia's billet chides my ſtay,
And e'en to kiſs it were delay.

Whence

Whence this magic to controul
All the functions of my ſoul?
Is it that ſhe owns a breaſt
Softer than the turtle's neſt?
That the tints her cheeks diſcloſe,
Shame the lily and the roſe?
But bid me count the ſtars as well
As ſeek where Cælia does excel.

Can he love who ſtays to trace
The degrees of ev'ry grace?
Bidding his delib'rate muſe,
One by one, the ſcale peruſe.
All the viſionary brain,
All that poetry can feign,
All the fictitious world of charms
Is realiz'd in Cælia's arms.

Words too low my bliſs to reach
Tempt not what I feel to teach;
Stronger eloquence ſhall flow
From the cheek that learns to glow;
From the eye that learns to roll
Sympathetic to the ſoul:
May Cælia's thus for ever ſpeak;
Nor ſound impure the ſilence break.

Lives there any wretch ſo bold!
Lives a lover half ſo cold!
One who joys with truth to ſtrive,
One to paſſion half alive;
Who would dare to words confine
Raptures of a love like mine!
For is not ſpeech itſelf ſuppreſt
When Cælia claſps me to her breaſt!

Let the Stoic catch a flame,
Let the libertine reclaim;
This, nor dead to feeling prove,
That, nor call his madneſs love:
Be thoſe pleaſures not accus'd,
Never felt, or elſe abus'd;
Then own with Cælia, and with me,
That love enjoy'd is extacy.

On ſeeing a LADY in Tears.

Quanquam Choreis aptior & Jocis
Ludoque—— :

HOR.

WHERE all the Graces ſhould reſide,
And all the little Loves have room,
Why ſteals a-down that cheek a tide
To waſh away thy vernal bloom?

Thus ſudden flaſh the livid fires
Athwart the ſwain's delighted eye;
Who 'rapt in extacy admires
The ſaphire calmneſs of the ſky.

Such years as thine are due to joy!
Why loiters youth the debt to pay?
And ſhall th' untimely blight deſtroy
The roſe juſt op'ning on the day?

The grief that ever bends the head,
Pines the ſad comrade of deſpair;
From grief's polluted ſource is bred
The ſtream that feeds th' unceaſing tear.

And if, what treaſures lie within
From outward form we may divine;
There innocence unknown to ſin
Preſides o'er virtue's ſacred ſhrine,

Thy grief if others woe excites,
Not unrecorded in the ſky
Falls one bright drop; for heav'n delights
To wipe the tears from pity's eye.

Or ſtream they for ſome heedleſs youth,
Whoſe vain deſires for ever rove;
Who loſt to conſtancy and truth,
Scorns the reſtraint of virtuous love.

To kindle up the gen'rous flame,
Where all the pow'r of ſmiles might fail;
Go weep, the ſavage to reclaim:
Let tears more eloquent prevail.

To Mr. MICKLE,

On his Specimen of a Tranſlation of the LUSIAD of CAMOENS, from the PORTUGUESE.

——Super & Garamantas & Indos
Proferet Imperium——

VIRGIL.

WHEN *Gama firſt, with ſpirit unconfin'd,
Revolv'd the plan of commerce in his mind,
And found no common diſtance could prevail
To bound th' extent of his capacious ſcale;
His genius overlook'd with bold diſdain
The banks of Tagus, and th' Atlantic Main;

And

* The Hero of the LUSIAD.

And from the arms of more domeſtic eaſe,
Intrepid bore him into diſtant ſeas,
Which no audacious keel before had plough'd,
Still onward urging his untravel'd road,
Where the young ſun, in orient ruby dreſt,
Is firſt awak'd upon the morning's breaſt;
And taught trade's empire, like the ſun, to own
No narrower limits than the world alone.
Like thy own Gama (let me call him thine)
The claim's atteſted by the ſacred Nine;
Ingenious MICKLE, thy advent'rous lay
Scorns the worn track, and tempts a devious way:
Thy muſe inſpir'd with ſympathetic pride
Foregoes and throws the humbler reed aſide;
Which * Mulla hearing ſlow had roll'd along,
Stay'd with the † likeneſs of her SPENSER's ſong;

And

* A river in the neighbourhood where SPENSER was born.

† Alluding to Mr. MICKLE's poem, The Concubine, written on the model of SPENSER.

And dares, ſuperior to the narrow rules,
The pedant fetters which enſlave the ſchools,
Fearleſs what unheard perils ſhe may prove
In adding laurels to th' Aonian grove,
To pierce the depths of an unclaſſic ſhore,
And ſearch a deſart for a ſingle flow'r.
Nor has thy hand with a ſucceſsleſs toil
The growth tranſplanted to thy native ſoil;
Freſh ſhoots the Scyon on an Engliſh ſtem;
Thy cut revives the luſtre of the gem.
E'en CAMOEN's ſelf might envy thy ſucceſs,
And wiſh his LUSIAD in no other dreſs:
Fix'd in ſuſpenſe, and dubious which to boaſt,
It's firſt fair form, or tranſmigration moſt.
Long had the Muſes mark'd th' advancing gloom
Of Gothic night, and fear'd the LUSIAD's doom.
But fate forbade, and thou wer't ſent to ſave
The wreck juſt whelm'd beneath oblivion's wave.

'Till now obſcure the beauteous work had lain,
Like the new world, ere Gama dar'd the main;
Or, if e'er touch'd on, only known in part,
But faintly ſhadowed out in Fanſhaw's chart.
Unhappy Fanſhaw! whoſe ill-favour'd rhimes
Had caught the aukward ſpirit of the times;
Whoſe ev'ry number with its neighbour jars,
As if the Muſes dealt in * Civil Wars.
Ill-fated poet! deſtin'd to an age
Of bigot jargon, and of factious rage;
When ev'ry page with quibble was o'er-run,
And ſenſe tormented writh'd itſelf to pun.
When perſecuted ſcience ſtood aghaſt,
And arts, for want of patrons, breath'd their laſt;
And ev'ry other trade but that of blood,
In famiſh'd tortures gaſp'd in vain for food.

O That

* Fanſhaw tranſlated the LUSIAD about the time of the troubles of Charles the Firſt.

That, and but that alone, luxurious far'd,
Nor more the monarch, than the ſubject ſpar'd.
And would the Muſes not deſert a land,
By crimes of ſuch notorious hue profan'd?
Yes, heav'n deſcended, they forbore to ſtay,
And to the realms of peace re-trac'd their way.
Then let this proſpect vindicate his lays,
Nor ſpleen abridge him of his ſhare of praiſe;
Unenvy'd let him claim the firſt deſign
Which ſketch'd the ſituation of the mine:
To thee 'twas left the treaſures to explore,
And give a ſterling impreſs to the ore;
That current it might paſs through ev'ry clime,
And bear its value to remoteſt time.

Say, when thy Hero leads thee on to try
The varying aſpect of a foreign ſky,

(Thy Muſe collecting ſpirit from the courſe,
As ſtreams grow wider farther from their ſource)
Springs not a juſt contempt within thy mind,
To view the objects thou haſt left behind;
Critics and Rhymers at a diſtance hurl'd,
As Gama leſs'ning ſaw the weſtern world?
Whilſt back they turn, unable to purſue
With fearful admiration from the view;
Whilſt wide of them thou ſpread'ſt the bolder ſail,
And ev'ry muſe inſpires the proſp'rous gale.
Thus when the eagle, with undazzled gaze,
Sublimely tow'rs to meet the ſolar blaze;
The linnet from the ſpray, with aching ſight,
Eyes the ſtretch'd wing, and wonders at the flight.

Is there a tract of ſcience unexplor'd,
Where ſage has never pierc'd, or poet ſoar'd;

Embark auſpicious! from the womb of night
Call forth the new Atlantis to the light:
That not the ſmalleſt quotient may remain
Without the limits of the Muſe's reign;
'Till thou may'ſt weep, like Macedonia's ſon,
When by his arms the univerſe was won,
With noble indignation touch'd; to view
No freſh ſupply of empires to ſubdue.

The

LOVE INVINCIBLE.

Porrigimus victas ad tua jura manus.

OVID.

FOOL that I was! by force or art
To think that love could be ſubdu'd;
To bar each acceſs to my heart,
And dare my charmer to intrude.

When love and Cælia both aſſail,
What force has reaſon to oppoſe?
Falſe to their truſt the outlines fail,
Invaded by ſuch pow'rful foes.

Hope, kind deceiver, bade me try
If abſence would her form deface;
But from myſelf I cannot fly,
And fancy freſhens ev'ry trace.

Leſs rapture ſhould my eye betray,
Indiff'rence ſoon withdraws its balm:
The tempeſt ſhould oblivion lay;
'Tis but a momentary calm.

Lowly, I aſk'd religion's aid,
And 'liſted of her pious train;
But ah! my zeal for ever ſtray'd:
Where heav'n is rival'd, pray'rs are vain.

Rebellious then no more I'll prove,
But wear, O love, thy chains content;
And try if reſignation move
Thy rigid empire to relent.

Epiſtle to Mr. HUDSON,

DISTILLER.

This, from no venal, nor ungrateful Muſe.

POPE.

MY Friend, it matters little how
The meaning of the heart we ſhew;
Whether in verſe, or humbler proſe,
The ſentiment we would diſcloſe:
For friendſhip ever is the ſame,
Howe'er the dreſs may change its name,
When pure and undiſguis'd by art
It flows the language of the heart.

Then

Then ſince the muſe in waiting ſtands,
I'll trouble her with my commands;
And ſhew, from adulation free,
That truth and numbers can agree.
Nor you reject with cold diſdain
The votive tribute of my brain;
But rather pity ſuch a clime,
Where nothing vegetates but rhyme:
Perhaps ſad omen of the Fleet,
Or death in garret, or the ſtreet;
Or poverty, that ſure entail
Of poets, who eſcape a jail.
I wiſh not to engage your ear,
A dry miſcellany to hear,
(A Morning Chronicle diſſected)
Of ins and outs and plots detected;
Or how the ſtate machine goes round,
Which wheel is firm, or which unſound;

Or

Or who is now the tool of pow'r,
Or who may be another hour:
If the court needle veer about
To find magnetick ſubſtance out;
Or whether, truly touch'd for worth,
It point invariably at North.
Careleſs, what city credit's addle,
Or what Lame Duck's are ſeen to waddle;
(Tho', ſince Fordyce's grand default,
The mode is to affect an halt)
What dogs, what reputations ſtray,
If F—x loſe thouſands, who's to pay:
I leave this daily publication
(Tho' half the learning of the nation)
To thoſe who, whilſt their coffee's cooling,
Will run a thouſand leagues a fooling;
Who, tho' they know not how the wind is,
Are now in Turkey, now the Indies:

With C——e now murder, now dethrone,
And count a Lack in ev'ry groan;
Now from the worry'd Caitiff ſqueeze
His baſe-earn'd Jaghires, and Rupees.
If there be ought to give me pleaſure,
I'm ſure to hear it at my leiſure;
And if there is to give me pain,
I count my ignorance as gain.
Then, if, my friend, your point be news,
You'll find but little from my muſe,
Unleſs ſhe tell you, what is rare!
That Abingdon's as chaſte as fair;
Who thinks no ſcorn to noble life
The names of mother and of wife:
That Dartmouth ever will maintain
His breaſt reſolv'd, without a ſtain;
And, tho' a courtier, dares to be
In action, as opinion, free.

Yet this for news will not go down,
For 'tis the echo of the town.
But whither has my fancy wander'd,
And what a heap of lines are ſquander'd?
When in a ſimple word or two
I might diſpatch a *How d'ye do?*
A queſtion form'd to comprehend
All that a friend need aſk a friend.
Then, tho' I've ſtray'd from my intent,
I now return to what I meant;
To ſend enquiries for your health,
That gift which ſets a price on wealth;
To aſk if happineſs endures
Your gueſt, if ſtill content be your's.
For O, in vain, unbleſt with theſe,
Would gold, would grandeur tempt to pleaſe;
For tho' the cup with gems be wrought,
It ſweetens not the bitter draught;

Tho' roſes bloom around the brink
In vain alluring us to drink:
Tho' there be charms each ſenſe to greet,
Content muſt make the potion ſweet.
And if Cadogan's word you take,
Its abſence breeds each chronic ach;
Not that I wiſh you to purſue
The rigid plan he holds in view:
Leſt that your table's health decline,
Nor give a caſual bard to dine;
And hoſpitality in time
Grow out of faſhion, and a crime.
In brief be all his rules ſupply'd,
By taking nature for your guide;
She'll check you, where you ſhould abſtain,
And where 'tis ſafe will give the rein:
The vacant heart, the even mind,
Alike in ev'ry ſtate reſign'd;
A temper to be pleas'd and pleaſe,
Thoſe antidotes againſt diſeaſe,

Be yours, preventing his advice:
No matter whence they take their riſe.
Whether from wealth the bleſſing ſpring,
Or pow'r, and independence bring
The means, that give you to employ
Each paſſing hour on thoughts of joy:
For with my eſtimate, I blend
Not the condition of my friend.

Not but I wiſh your Stills may thrive,
And teem with profit like a hive;
Each added year increaſe their ſtore,
'Till ev'ry flowing cell run o'er:
To minds like your's there cannot be,
Such thing as ſuperfluity;
That quite eccentrick of its pelf
Exiſts not only for itſelf.
Yes, on the wiſh I have refin'd
By application to the mind:

By turning all your terms of art
In moral battery on the heart.
Thus—let your breaſt, the * *Still*, be fraught
With beſt *Ingredients* rang'd by thought;
Loſt in each other to unite
In ſtreams of profit and delight;
And be the *Compoſition* ſuch,
That you taſte all, yet none too much.
Let not your *Spirits* ever fail,
Not too fermented, nor too ſtale;
Ne'er let them riſe ſo far above
The pitch that reaſon would approve;
That you muſt needs debaſe and *lower*,
A moderation to reſtore:
Nor from this pitch ſo far retire,
That you muſt add fictitious fire;

But

* The words printed in italics are terms in Diſtillery.

But keep from both extremes aloof,
And let them only riſe to *proof*.
Unlike your *Vatts*, nor let your blood
With any vicious juices brood;
But flowing pure through ev'ry vein,
Its native quality retain;
Nor ever be ſuch foulneſs there,
That Salts and Manna will not clear.
Thoſe thoughts that humbly ſtart collect,
Nor for their *ſimple* growth reject;
And mix them well in reaſon's bowl,
To make a cordial for the ſoul:
And let the compoſition be
Entitled genuine *Beaume de Vie*.
By counſel be each heat allay'd,
But cautious pour the cooler aid;
Gently *corrected* to the teſt,
Each boiſterous paſſion be redreſt;

For, tho' with rigour to o'er-rule
Suits not the doctrine of this ſchool;
Yet leſs ſevere, for wiſer ends,
To *rectify* it recommends.
This ſcience true will not defray
Your taxes, nor your duties pay.
Tho' literal it will not tell,
Nor in the Caſh-Book's total ſwell;
Yet will you find the vaſt amount
When fate ſhall cloſe the great account.
Nor is my * Occupation void
Of wholeſome moral, which employ'd
On life's great purpoſe, might produce
Materials for the nobleſt uſe.
Whence I might learn, as each degree
Of life admits *variety*,

With

* That of Gauger at the Cuſtom-Houſe.

With judgment, as the ſeaſon bears,
To ſuit my pleaſures to my years;
With moderation to redreſs,
And temper ev'ry wild exceſs:
Bidding the both *extremes* convene,
And centre in the *golden mean*.
What wretch includes not in his ſtate
Something to qualify his fate!
However hard, however low,
Would he be wiſe enough to know
That happineſs is not confin'd
To rank, but dwells in ev'ry mind:
That ſuch a ſpeculative pow'r
Is greater than a prince's dow'r;
Which turns misfortune into gain,
And pleaſure can extract from pain.
The meaneſt object can ſupply
A leſſon to the moral eye;

E'en vice, through ſuch a medium view'd,
Often becomes the ſource of good.
Thus, in her induſtrious flight,
The little bee is ſeen to light
Indiff'rently on ev'ry bloom,
And thence extract her ſweet perfume:
Noxious or fragrant be the flow'rs,
They all contribute to her ſtores;
And paſſing through thoſe ſubtle drains,
Which her curious frame contains,
The venom of the poppy's bell
Grows honey in her waxen cell.

To a LADY,

On the happy Return of her Son's Birth-Day, after a ſevere Illneſs.

Creſſâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ.

HOR.

WHEN the nice floriſt, to enrich his ſtore,
Transfers the produce of a foreign ſhore;
Where warmer Suns more fragrant ſweets beſtow,
Where ſpring for ever laſts, and Zephyrs blow:

With

With timid hope he truſts the ſeed to earth,
And waits impatient for the blooming birth;
Its varied fate through ev'ry change purſues,
The froſts of winter, and the vernal dews;
As ſhift th' inconſtant features of the year,
His boſom ſhares alternate hope and fear.
But when, propitious to his fond deſire,
The fav'ring ſkies a perfect bloom inſpire;
He bleſſes the indulgence of the ſoil,
And owns the bounty much o'erpays the toil:
Sees in this flow'r his richeſt wiſhes crown'd,
Loſt to a paradiſe that blows around;
Tho' thouſand ſweets his foſtering ſmile demand,
Fruits of his art, and nurſelings of his hand.
Such were the cares that hung upon this day,
Nor leſs the joys which baniſh them away;
Freed is your heart from ev'ry tyrant pain,
Th' exulting ſubject of a happier reign;

The dawn of pleaſure breaks upon your mind,
And leaves the mem'ry of the gloom behind.
The ſmile ſincere, what heart-felt joys invite,
And hail the ſeaſon ſacred to delight!
Bid ev'ry paſſion liſten to the call!
And all be peace, and grateful rapture all!
No boding fear, no dread ſuſpenſe be known,
For pleaſure calls this happy day her own.
Far be ſhut out each ambuſh'd care, that low'rs
To blaſt the joy which marks thoſe gentler hours.
Dares to intrude ſuch an invidious gueſt
Upon the peaceful order of the feaſt?
Can there be wanting to improve the treat?
Is there with-held to make the bliſs compleat?
See! heav'n to pity not in vain implor'd;
See! life prolong'd, and drooping health reſtor'd;
With tranſport ſee! your little Cherub live,
Your ev'ry fear, your ev'ry doubt ſurvive:

Admire the vivid glow his cheeks adorn,
Bright as the colours of the orient morn!
Yet late you ſhudder'd at th' impending doom,
When pale diſeaſe had rifled ev'ry bloom;
When fate inſidious lurk'd in ev'ry breath,
And ev'ry minute ſtruck th' alarm of death.
Then was your mind with diff'rent paſſions toſt,
Then pleaſure ſicken'd, and then hope was loſt;
The mingled pangs the ſhipwreck'd wretch endures
To ſee his fortune ſinking, then was your's:
Heaven ſees approving, and prevents your pray'r,
(The feeling heart is heav'n's peculiar care)
Commiſſions ev'ry lenient pow'r to ſave,
Suſpends the ſtroke, and diſappoints the grave:
Gives back each faded beauty to his charms,
To bloom within the circle of your arms.
If yet th' affrighted mem'ry can retain
The diſtant traces of ſuch ſcenes of pain;

With

With pleaſing dread recount your ſighs and tears,
Like dreams of horror when the morn appears:
And when the balance of the ſum is made,
Own that the debt of joy is more than paid.
Live long! live happy! ſee ſuch days return,
Bleſſing and bleſt, without a cauſe to mourn!
To ev'ry year ſee added ſome new grace,
'Till his mind grow as beauteous as his face!
Enjoy'd this earneſt of a future ſtore;
Is there to give, and can you aſk for more?
Is there (as various cares divide the mind,
Whoſe gen'rous nature feels for all mankind)
Is there a part left aching in that breaſt,
Which throbs with ſome deſire yet unexpreſt?
Some wiſh for public good yet unpreferr'd,
Some pray'r for friendleſs want that would be heard;
Truſt, and be happy! heav'n attends the ſtrain;
For virtue never ſupplicates in vain.

On the Death of a favourite POINTER,

Killed by the Dog CÆSAR.

Et ſtetit ad finem longa tenaxque fides.

OVID.

TYRANTS are found in ev'ry clime and age;
What land ſo happy, where no Cæſars rage!
That unmoleſted never fell a prey
To mad ambition, or to lawleſs ſway:
They want no plea to draw the ſlaught'ring ſword,
Who reliſh diſcord more than peace reſtor'd.
But not to man alone confine the view;
The brute creation has its Cæſars too:

Who ſcorning all the ties which ought to bind
Each individual to its ſep'rate kind,
And by the luſt of pow'r and rapine led,
Turn their fierce rage upon the guiltleſs head;
As if ſome higher cauſe than inſtinct moves
Their hates impetuous, and impetuous loves.
Basto, thy recent, thy untimely fall,
Proves this remark not ſpeculation all.
And could'ſt thou e'en from man attention draw,
Yet not eſcape thy murd'rer's kindred paw!
O fate unjuſt! to ſentence thee to bleed;
What crime was thine to deprecate the deed!
No churliſh growling, nor malicious grin,
Betray'd an evil paſſion hid within:
But in thy gentle ſimper was expreſt
The ſoft pacifick temper of thy breaſt.
Yet, what avail'd, that thy inoxious life
Paſs'd free from anger, and litigious ſtrife!

O, what avail'd thy blameleſs arts to gain
Thy maſter's love, by him belov'd in vain!
Since nor thy years, nor worth poſſeſs'd a charm
The ruffian's ſavage purpoſe to diſarm:
For when oppreſſion wants a juſt pretence,
The ſhield of virtue is a weak defence.
A while the fates unenvying yet may give
Thy murd'rer ſtill to triumph and to live;
Juſtice a while the deſtin'd ſtroke forbear,
Yet certain vengeance loiters in the rear:
Thy memory ſhall raiſe ſome future foe,
And arm his hand to lay th' oppreſſor low.
But happier thou! in thy untimely fate,
Than he ſurviving to perpetual hate.
Whilſt oft, as thy ſucceſſor tries the ground,
And ſhifts, and ſtops, and doubts the covey found,
Thy maſter ſhall prepare the fatal aim,
With hope elate at the imagin'd game:

His recollection rouſing ſhall preſent
Thy ſpeed unmatch'd, and thy unerring ſcent;
Or from the field, by fancy's pow'r convey'd,
Low at his couch ſhall ſee thee faithful laid:
Conſtant and kind in ev'ry ſervice try'd,
In ev'ry character his nobleſt pride.
Whilſt oft thy miſtreſs ſhall thy loſs bewail,
And claſp her fav'rite cloſer at thy tale,
No ſorrowing eye ſhall dignify his fall,
No grateful breaſt his memory recal;
Nor ſhall his image ever riſe to view,
But clad in horror to be curſt anew:
Or as a foil preſented to the ſight,
To ſet thy worth in a more pleaſing light.
Contraſted thus, thy generous life may claim
Sincerer ſorrow, and more laſting fame.

The

The MISTAKE.

Obſtupuit viſâ victus amor Dominâ.

MARULLUS DE NEÆRA.

LATE, as Sylvia ſought the grove
From the noon-day's ſultry beam;
Where the cooler breezes rove
Wafted o'er the gelid ſtream.

Sleep ſtole o'er her languid breaſt,
And a pauſe from care beſtow'd;
And the ſtream, to aid her reſt,
Softlier murmur'd as it flow'd.

To

To his Flora's fond embrace
Zephyr haſt'ning through the vale,
Slacken'd here his am'rous pace;
And diffus'd his balmieſt gale:

Soft he ſunk into her arms,
Shook his dewy wings, and lay
Tranc'd by her ſuperior charms,
Thinking 'twas the lap of May.

Cupid on a frolic roving,
Stopt, and near the Maiden crept;
Step by ſtep with caution moving,
For he thought 'twas Venus ſlept.

Sleep more tranquil beauties ſhed,
Gave a gentler pulſe to heave;
Thus reclines the Snow-drop's head,
Languiſhing at cloſe of eve.

But awak'd, her brighter face
What enliv'ning charms adorn!
Not a roſe with richer grace
Blooms upon the eye of morn!

His Flora was not half ſo fair
Zephyr ſtarts enrag'd to find;
And, diſſolving into air,
Left his fragrance all behind.

For his mother ſo diſgrac'd
Cupid felt the ſwelling pride;
Dropt his quiver in his haſte,
Hurrying off the tear to hide.

But ſhe ſcorns ſo mean a prize;
Breathes, and richer ſweets abound:
And than darts from Sylvia's eyes,
Love ne'er gives a ſurer wound.

TO A

RELIGIOUS LADY,

On being reproved by her for paying Attention to CÆLIA at Church.

Guiltleſs I gaz'd.——— POPE.

AND muſt each ſenſe its uſe forego,
The chaſteſt glance not be forgiv'n?
And are thoſe rules your ſect allow,
Severely rigid, taught from heav'n?

From

From drinking in the orient light
The eye of health as ſoon reſtrain;
Or check the captive's wild delight,
When freedom ſtoops to looſe his chain.

And aids the book of life a plan
The temp'rate uſe of bliſs to awe;
Monaſtick ſyſtem! teaching man
"Religion is not nature's law?"

My zeal let nature's book engage,
There in each line a God we trace;
And where unfolds a fairer page
Than that which blooms in Cælia's face?

Heav'n caſt ſuch forms in Angel mould,
Gave them to charm and us to love;
That in ſuch types we might behold
An earneſt of the joys above.

Devotion is but love refin'd;
Heav'n gives me ſanction to admire;
Can low affections haunt the mind
That glows with ſuch ſeraphic fire?

On ſeeing the Mourning Bride advertiſed for Miſs YOUNGE's Benefit: The Part of Almeria, by Mrs. BARRY; Zara, by Miſs YOUNGE.

His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant.—VIRG.

WHEN two great Generals unite their hoſt,
A more than common cauſe for arms they boaſt;
In no unworthy feud the ſword they wield,
But nations hang on the eventful field.
So when the muſe diſplays her faireſt ſcenes,
And all the pomp of tragedy convenes;

And cites thoſe troops, in all her ſcience train'd,
Where Younge and Barry bear a joint command;
No trifling cauſe matures the great intent,
No vulgar boſom waits the great event.
To waſte ſuch breath were an unpardon'd crime
To benefit ſome drudge of Pantomime,
To pay the ſervices of Pantaloon,
Some ſqueaking catgut, or ſome pert buffoon:
But here the ſtage's ſecond hope inſpires
The nobler flame, and wakes auxiliar fires;
And Barry now reſigning ſelf-applauſe,
Is pleas'd to conquer in her rival's cauſe:
Secure that Younge is able to transfer
The palm ſhe now aſſiſts to gain for her.
Judicious commerce! from each other's name
To borrow, and incorporate their fame.
Two gems, alike in water and in ſize,
Together ſet, thus ſtrike at once the eyes;

Reflect-

Reflecting mutual each the other's rays,
Which blend, and ſhed an undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.

To Miſs YOUNGE,

On her Intention to play the Part of ZARA, in the Mourning Bride.

———*Pectus inaniter angit*
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet
Ut magus———

HOR.

RESISTLESS Syren! whoſe enchanting ſkill
Can mould the human boſom to thy will;
Bid infant ſoftneſs to aſſume a frown,
Or melt the hero's rugged nature down.

Still

Still from ſome former inſpiration warm,
Not yet deliver'd from ſome former charm;
Ere yet the voice of thy complaint I hear,
Ere yet I mark the ſuffocated tear:
Strong to my mind imagination's ſight
Anticipates thy buſineſs of the night,
When Zara more than copied ſhall be ſeen
The hopeleſs lover, and the captive queen.
What tho' her paſſions are of fiercer kind,
Than hold dominion o'er Almeria's mind;
What tho' no bright reſerve of days await,
Tho' her own hand adminiſter her fate:
Not leſs her woes, admitting no relief,
But what death offers, ſhall provoke our grief.
For what muſt royalty inſulted feel!
Whoſe ſlighteſt pangs are tortures of the wheel;
Love in their boſoms takes another name,
As if their eminence ſublim'd the flame:

And when they ſink beneath afflicting care,
'Tis melancholy madneſs, not deſpair.
Behold a queen reſigning all her ſtate,
Proud of her chains, forgetting to be great;
Sunk from the height of royalty ſo low,
As to the wretch her pity ſav'd to bow:
Happier his love and miſery to divide,
Than robb'd of him to grace a monarch's ſide.
Behold her ſtill perſiſt, tho' to her ſuit
The deaf ear ſhuts, and the chain'd tongue is mute;
Tho' all her proffer'd honours back are ſent,
Without their purchaſe, trifles as they went;
For love the rage of pride awak'd ſurvives,
And after honour's expiration lives:
Say with what more than anguiſh was ſhe torn,
When the ſhaft rankled deadlier dipp'd in ſcorn?
But here the colours of the bard are faint,
The deſolation of her mind to paint:

For there are griefs which language cannot reach,
And ſilent eloquence alone can teach;
When, by the wrecks, the ſurface which deform,
We gueſs the latent ravage of the ſtorm;
Then freſh from nature's ſchool let YOUNGE reply
From the heav'd boſom, and the maddening eye;
Fo to no rule mechanick ſhe adheres,
But calls from nature all her ſighs and tears.
To her 'tis giv'n each paſſion to diſplay
Through all its riſe, its progreſs, and decay:
Not by fix'd eyes, and ſtarts alone expreſt,
Or hackney'd palpitations of the breaſt;
When but by fits the counterfeit is ſeen,
So oft the tell-tale woman ſteps between.
Still, ſtill compel th' impaſſion'd tear to ſtart;
And open all the ſluices of the heart:
Nor let our ſorrows be aſham'd to flow,
In tribute to ſuch well-imagin'd woe.

Still with ſuch high-form'd precepts may'ſt thou ſtrive
To keep the ſpirit of the ſtage alive,
That when by fate thy Phœnix form decays,
Thy kind may ſpring from the departing blaze;
The ſtage from thee inherit its ſupplies,
And other YOUNGES from thy example riſe.
Whether in thee undone Monimia rave,
Or loſt Caliſta ſeek an early grave;
Or Belvidera ſo perſuaſive kneel,
That Jaffier's ſlack'ning hand forſake the ſteel?
Or if thy lot require thee to bewail
Thy lord's raſh credence to the ſland'rous tale;
That Shakeſpeare's ſhade might wiſh to have tranſgreſt
Th' unceaſing ſabbath which detains the bleſt,
And on his ſcenes with rapture to have hung,
To ſee the Imogen he drew in YOUNGE:
For tho' compell'd thy tender ſex to hide,
Thy ſex is with thy dreſs not laid aſide;

For in each pauſe each timid ſtep appears,
Thy native ſoftneſs, and thy native fears.
Whate'er the theme thy mimic pow'r purſues
In ev'ry walk of the dramatic muſe;
Long may thy genius with ſucceſs excite
The varying throb of anguiſh or delight;
Pleas'd may we long thy Proteus art purſue,
Forget ourſelves, and feel thy changes too.
But where thou tread'ſt on life's extended ſtage,
Far from thy paths be cruelty and rage;
Let pride and mad ambition ne'er infeſt,
Nor envy 'gender ſcorpions in thy breaſt:
Coeval with thy office be their ſway,
Reign thro' five acts, but with the laſt decay.
And O! may ever thy aſſum'd diſtreſs
Be dated from, and periſh with thy dreſs;
Yet in that ſpace be ev'ry nerve and vein
Attun'd ſymphonious to the poet's ſtrain;

And where the cauſe tranſcends th' imperfect line,
Sketch ſome new figure for his next deſign;
,Till poetry and painting ſhall agree,
For ev'ry model, to refer to thee.
But may more laſting ſorrows ne'er diſguiſe,
Nor dim the native luſtre of thy eyes;
Nor like unhappy Zara may'ſt thou mourn,
With ſuch a paſſion as forbid's return;
When, to encreaſe the lover's hoard of pain,
Each ſmile is paid with coldneſs and diſdain.
Nor, like Almeria, feel the ſad alarms
Of ſeparation from thy lover's arms;
When fate malicious gives a keener force
To each tormenting engine of divorce:
With plighted vows, when loving and belov'd,
Each in the other's perſon is remov'd.
May nothing with thee from the ſtage retire,
But what the gentler paſſions could inſpire;

Nor ought of all that thou haſt felt remain,
But ſuch ſenſations as were foes to pain:
Let love, let friendſhip thy retreat employ,
And wake thy breaſt to no fictitious joy.
Or, as by contraſt all our joys we prove,
And abſence aſcertains the price of love;
Be thy ſmall deſtiny of unfeign'd care,
(As none can plead exemption from their ſhare)
The bitter drop, which furniſhes the taſte,
And gives a keener reliſh for the feaſt.

ODE

O D E,

On the Recovery of HEALTH.

Written in SPRING, 1771. To Dr. F———.

Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Inſania?———

HOR.

SHOT ſudden o'er death's ſullen ſhades,
As ſtreams a ſtar athwart the night;
What vital ſpark my breaſt pervades,
And ſheds around cœleſtial light?

Or

Or fancy mocks me! or the flame
That ſubtle ſteals thro' all my veins,
Has caught the lyre's reſponſive frame,
And lights up ſympathetic ſtrains.
Long like its maſter, all unſtrung,
In dread ſuſpence the lyre had hung,
And only waited the command,
The touch of ſome coeval hand,
To bid it pour th' elegiac verſe,
And pay the laſt ſad tribute to its maſter's herſe.
Whence then the muſic that awakes my ear,
Which long had ſlept to ev'ry joyous note;
Sweet as in tribute to the infant year,
Is pour'd melliſluous from the linnet's throat?
Whilſt Zephyr haſtens o'er the plain
With all the graces of his train,
And love and young deſire:

Say, if the prime of ſpring beſtows
The harmony that flows
Spontaneous from the lyre?

No—but Hygeia whom he leads,
The blooming conſort of his reign:
And ſee prolific where ſhe treads
A quicker verdure decks the plain.
Extends the varied landſcape fair?
And are we charm'd when eve is ſtill,
Nor other ſound divides the air,
To liſten to the murm'ring rill?
'Tis health alone that can ſupply
The raptur'd ear! the raptur'd eye!
'Tis health alone that can diſpenſe,
And fit to pleaſure ev'ry ſenſe:
Th' enamel'd mead, unſweeten'd by her breath,
Would ſicken on the view, as thriftleſs as the heath.

When pain has dimm'd the orbs of ſight,
Faint looks the richeſt veſt the ſpring can wear;
How can the concert of the grove delight,
When life's laſt murmurs hang upon the ear?
But ſee! where Anguiſh and Deſpair,
Like ghoſts that ſcent the morning air,
From Health diſſolve away;
And ſink repuls'd into the cave,
From whence pale Sickneſs feeds the grave,
Defrauded of their prey.

And could I roſeate maid reſign,
Perverſe thy ev'ry modeſt grace;
Round Pleaſure's neck prefer to twine,
And melt in her unchaſte embrace?
Tho' in each faſcinating fold
The venom was conceal'd to kill;
Yet, to forbid the ſerpent's hold,
Slow my reſolve, and impotent my will! How

How oft, returning to my arms,
Have Riot's wild alarms
Scar'd thy propitious ſtep away,
With Orgies that have ſham'd the day?
How oft, in ſpite of my unkindneſs, kind,
Thou to oblivion each freſh inſult haſt conſign'd?
Yet, as a parent, whoſe affections burn
With fond impatience to be reconcil'd,
Waits not to penitence the ſlow return
Of his unduteous, unrelenting child:
Say, wilt thou each reſtraint remove,
Nor longer damp the flame of love,
That rages to forgive?
Say, ſhall thy favours long withdrawn,
Renew'd again, begin to dawn,
And give me to revive?

Enter, and be each acceſs barr'd
That leads pernicious to thy reſt:
Thy foes unſorrowing I'll diſcard,
And ſuit the manſion to the gueſt.
On thee meek temperance ſhall wait
To miniſter the plain repaſt,
Nature, not luxury to ſate,
And exerciſe ſhall form the taſte:
Nor ſhall there any joy intrude,
But what mirth's ſober bounds include;
Enliſted, ſhall the Muſe be there?
Proud in thy ſervice to appear;
Proud to diverſify her tuneful mode,
To preſs thy welcome ſtay, and ſweeten thy abode.
My Muſe, not ſhe whoſe wild exceſs of rage
Spurs onward to the liſts of fame and wealth,
That toils unceaſing through the nightly page,
Deaf to the timely call of ſleep and health:

But ſhe whoſe leſs ambitious life,
Far from this competitious ſtrife,
Bids eaſe and ſtudy to agree:
Such as O F—— now waits to pay
The tribute of a grateful lay,
Inſcrib'd to health and thee.

Faſtidious, nor the gift refuſe,
Nor think the learn'd in Galen's lore,
Have held no commerce with the muſe,
Diſdainful of her ſacred pow'r.
GARTH was, and AKINSIDE's remov'd,
To taſte in a ſublimer ſtate,
Where only certain can be prov'd
* The bliſs his fancy could create.
Nor yet, whilſt GOLDSMITH is ſupply'd,
A living witneſs be deny'd,

* Alluding to ſome paſſages in his Pleaſures of Imagination.

That from the ſame congenial ſource
The kindred arts maintain their courſe.
By birth ally'd to Phœbus both belong,
Parent, and friend alike, of healing and of ſong:
His lucid orb with the ſame genial beam,
Which nouriſhes the phyſic of the plain,
Diffuſing light o'er the Caſtalian ſtream,
Warms and invigorates the poet's ſtrain.
Prove we th' alliance cloſer ſtill;
Be thine to boaſt unfailing ſkill
To make the body whole:
Nor is the Muſe in moral dreſs
Adminiſter'd with ill ſucceſs,
To medicine the ſoul.

To a NOBLEMAN,

In the Meridian of Power.

———*Hic murus aheneus eſto*
Nil conſcire ſibi———

HOR.

FROM Kings deſcended, and to Kings ally'd,
With lands and honours equal to thy pride;
That ſtar, whoſe radiant beams can almoſt bring
A ſubject on a level with his king:
The nation's wealth and ſenate all thy own,
A monarch's name between thee and a throne.
Great as thou art! if bold to comprehend,
And fix the line where luſt of pow'r ſhall end;

Indulg'd its utmoſt ſcope, can ought remain,
That pride may ſigh for, or that worth may gain,
Superior to thy King's, thy country's choice,
Superior to the world's approving voice?
Yes—there's an honour far above the reſt,
Which unenjoy'd, the others turn to jeſt;
Which like a centre gem, ſupremely bright,
Supplies ſurrounding points with all their light.
Then, would'ſt thou find it? vainly ceaſe to roam
Ambition's wild, but ſeek it nearer home;
(The bold aſſertion juſtifies thy pauſe):
Knock at thy heart, and aſk for ſelf applauſe.

To a LADY,

On her Sentiments of MARRIAGE.

Curſe on all ties but thoſe which love has made.

POPE.

WHEN ſov'reign Love perceives his pow'rs decline,
And unfrequented ſees his ſacred ſhrine;
Feels through his realms a general decay,
And man revolting, murmur to obey:
Whilſt rank rebellion rages all around,
A loyal ſubject may there yet be found,
Who foremoſt to eſpouſe the ſinking cauſe,
Contemns the faction, and reveres the laws?

Myra, 'tis thine to boaſt that honour'd name,
Emblazon'd faireſt on the liſts of fame;
With zeal emboldened ſingly to oppoſe,
Tho' faſhion and the world are leagu'd thy foes;
And vow with native freedom in thy voice,
That love alone ſhall regulate thy choice;
Reſolv'd that union never to approve,
That wants the ſanction of conſenting love.
Yet, yet I hear, with tranſport, how 'twas ſpoke!
Whilſt from thy breaſt the fair confeſſion broke:
Gods! how each animated feature ſtole
Part of that rapture which inſpir'd the ſoul.
When Truth in native majeſty appears,
Such is the dreſs the lovely goddeſs wears.

Let the mean ſlaves, if to diſgrace the fair
Such ignominious characters there are,

Whom pomp and int'reſt equally divide,
Whoſe love is av'rice, and whoſe paſſion pride;
Baſe, let them ſuffer to be bought and ſold,
And barter all their happineſs for gold;
Or, lur'd by grandeur, for a title wed,
And riſque their peace to ſhare a noble bed;
'Till ſelf condemn'd, and all their ſex's ſcorn,
They drag on life with varied anguiſh torn.
And, as fools ever, till they find too late
Their puniſhment, and error in their fate.

To her own rack devoted, let the prude,
Who ſcorns the thought that love ſhould e'er intrude;
Tho' genuine paſſion light the flame within,
Accounts profeſſion an unpardon'd ſin;
Her latent wiſhes ever unexpreſt,
A coy reſerve ſtill maſking half her breaſt:

In

In ſelf-created torments ſlow conſume,
Her affectation her ſevereſt doom;
And ſtill irreſolute ere the wretch can dare
The ſecret anguiſh of her breaſt declare,
Let age o'ertake her, and the certain ſhame
That waits upon an ancient maiden's name.

Let the jilt barbarous covet to give pain,
Proud of herſelf, and of her conqueſts vain;
Pleas'd with repeated ſounds of fatal darts,
And a long catalogue of bleeding hearts:
Unpitying ſee e'en adoration paid,
And at her feet the panting victim laid:
Who, if ſincere ſhe love, will ſtill delay,
And fix to-morrow for the happy day;
But ere 'tis form'd the reſolution dies,
And onward ſtill this diſtant morrow flies.

When

When beauty's lamp is waſted, let her burn,
And grow a doating vaſſal in her turn;
Still unenjoying, let her ſtill admire,
Her paſſion nothing, but as mould'ring fire.

Concurring all in thee, how well ſupply'd,
Thoſe milder attributes to them deny'd;
Nor envy thou their triumphs of a frown,
The ſmiles which love creates are all thy own.
Not ſuch as dimpling o'er the wanton's face,
Gleam o'er fictitious charms a ſickly grace;
But which more fair, from conſcious virtue bred,
When the heart ſpeaks, o'er all the features ſpread,
When ev'ry ſenſe with genuine rapture warm,
Gives to each look a more reſiſtleſs charm.
Go forth array'd in ſuch a beauteous dreſs;
(A miſſion ſo divine commands ſucceſs).

Nor other eloquence bid heav'n ſupply,
Than that which beams perſuaſive from the eye.
Go, ſpread this doctrine over ev'ry land,
'Till willing converts to the mild command,
Her breaſt each fair ſhall to thy rules accord;
Hymen than Love ſhall own no other lord:
The ſpeaking eye ſhall ev'ry wiſh reveal,
And the pure heart have nothing to conceal;
The world from dull reſtraint once more be free,
And all be nobly unreſerv'd like thee.
And ſee! the golden age returns again,
And Love begins a more auſpicious reign!
Hence forms no more ſhall clog the marriage bands,
But ſouls ſhall mix with the uniting hands:
And ere religion can perform its part,
The knot be ty'd already in the heart.
To the ſame key ſo tun'd the paſſions move,
In all the concord of harmonious love:

Scenes within ſcenes of yet untold delight,
Start at the thought, and preſs upon the ſight.
On ſuch a plan the bliſs connubial thrives;
No tyrant huſbands! no eloping wives!
The nuptial torch ſhall not expire ſo ſoon,
The ſhort-liv'd meteor of a honey-moon!
With equal light, but bright'ning to the laſt,
O'er life's remains a genial beam ſhall caſt.

Fancy awhile withdraw thy fairy train,
Awhile ſuſpend the fair prophetic ſtrain;
And to this viſionary ſcene oppoſe
The ſad reverſe, with all its recent woes.
Thus, from a contraſt with the raven's plumes,
A purer ſnow the cygnet's wing aſſumes.
But oh! how many gen'rous paſſions throng
To ſtop the deſtin'd current of my ſong;

Humanity awak'd forbids the tale,
And o'er the ſhameful proſpect draws a veil.
Bare not thoſe wounds, my Muſe, where to conceal,
And uſe emollients only, is to heal;
Yet green, at ev'ry probe they bleed anew,
Like the gaſh'd corſe, the murderer in view:
Rather let viſions ſtill thy thoughts employ,
And from idea gather half thy joy;
And be the ſubſtance like a Phœnix' neſt,
The native only of fair MYRA's breaſt.
There blazing, croud ye fair, around the pyre,
And catch one ſpark to propagate the fire;
And will you loiter yet ſupine and dead
To ev'ry call, tho' love and nature plead?
To move ſhould MYRA's bright example fail,
Here 'twere a virtue let your pride prevail:
Your heart's diſpoſal learn to think your own,
For e'en to duty limits are ſet down;

Bounds ſo recipocral, which to tranſgreſs,
The parent than the child offends no leſs.
Deriv'd to you from heav'n this bleſſing came,
And are ye ſlow to vindicate your claim?
Aſſert the noble charter, dare be free;
For love's another name for liberty.

SONG.

FOND youth, no longer try to move
My too complying heart to love;
For I bluſh to ſay *yes*, and cannot ſay *no*:
Then fly me, and don't perſevere,
For much from thy preſence I fear:
Yet I fear I can never permit thee to go.

On receiving an Invitation from a GENTLEMAN to dine in Company with Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus——

HOR.

WITH more than common joy I join the feaſt,
Where GOLDSMITH, darling of the Nine, is gueſt;
And as if Phœbus warn'd me to be there,
I hail the meſſage with a grateful fear:
Such is the trepedation which alarms
The rapt'rous boſom of the youth in arms;
Who for renown athirſt, tho' yet unſkill'd
In all the martial labours of the field:
Is proud his gen'rals orders to purſue,
And fits his ſpirit for the ſtern review.

Had I been bidden to the ſumptuous treat,
Which art had rack'd for the luxurious great;
If with the formal ſummons I comply'd,
To ſacrifice to luxury and pride;
Tho' various lines extend to bar the road,
Which leads to proud nobility's abode;
Tho' ceremonials numberleſs await,
To win your paſſport to the room of ſtate:
Yet all the tinſel pageantry and glare
Could nought excite but a contemptuous ſtare,
Approach'd as ſafely, as I'd view the moon
Girt with her diſk, or ſick'ning in her noon.
But when the light of genius from on high,
Flames like the ſun from the meridian ſky;
Like that which ev'ry muſe conſpires to ſhed
Exhauſtleſs, GOLDSMITH, round thy favour'd head:
Not with ſuch weak, and ſuch undazz'ling light,
It ſtrikes the young novitiates' daring ſight.

As if a magic circle hemm'd thee in,
And to tranſgreſs it were no venial ſin;
Thy ſacred preſence with reſpect I greet,
Nor paſs thoſe limits with unhallow'd feet:
Then boldly-timid if I dare thy blaze,
Kindly contract the violence of thy rays;
Nor let the plant which aſks thy foſt'ring gleam,
Meet the harſh fate of too intenſe a beam:
But let thy manners and thy muſe agree,
Soft, without weakneſs, elegantly free.
Thus, when the mighty Thunderer was led
From his high throne to ſhare a mortal's bed,
He bade the terrors of his brow abate,
And wore his thunders of a ſecond rate.

AN EPISTLE,

To CÆLIA,

On parting with her, offended at the Appearance of ſome licentious Behaviour.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!

POPE.

WHEN from the bar the criminal withdraws,
A ſacrifice to juſtice and the laws;
What varied pangs within his boſom roll!
Wife, parents, children, clinging to his ſoul!

On life he turns, and turning longs to live,
Whilſt hope, ſoft flatt'rer, lends a ſhort reprieve:
But dark'ning all, clouds ſudden intervene,
And death inglorious ſhuts the golden ſcene.
Thus, from the limits where my pleaſures ceaſe,
And anguiſh meeting marks the bounds of peace;
Retreating ſlow, irreſolute my pace,
Fain I'd look back on that offended face,
Whoſe beauties, while they gloom my parting hour,
Refer to bleſſings now beyond my pow'r:
When the ſame charms which point my deſtin'd way,
To ſeparation once compell'd my ſtay;
When hope's gay bloom expanded on my ſight,
Each bud mature juſt burſting with delight.
But ah! how avaricious to be pleas'd!
With too importunate a hand I ſeiz'd,
And ſcorch'd the flow'r with too intenſe a blaze,
I ſhould have foſter'd with the mildeſt rays.

O Syren

O Syren charms! and could you look ſo fair,
But to betray, fallacious as you are!
And was that liquid ſoftneſs in the eyes,
But cruelty, more cruel in diſguiſe!
Ah! no—I charge them not; they, they are free,
And all my mis'ry finds its ſource in me;
I firſt compell'd that face to wear a frown,
And taught thoſe eyes a language not their own;
How was I bleſt to fold thee in my arms,
And gaze with tranſport on thy ſoft'ning charms?
To mark the deep'ning bluſh thy cheek o'erſpread,
As on my boſom ſoft reclin'd thy head;
To ſee the lip averted from the bliſs,
Coyly elude the meditated kiſs:
Or ill-conceal'd within thy eyes explore
Joys in reſerve, a yet untaſted ſtore.
And were they mine? O prodigal, to waſte,
And ſtake ſuch treaſures at a ſingle caſt!

When all that might be gain'd by ſuch a throw,
Was bliſs precarious, and too certain woe;
When, tho' the mutual will ſuch bliſs approve,
Enjoyment oft diſſolves the charm of love.
Where was my heart, that thus my tongue could dare
To frame a word which virtue might not hear?
With all the inſolence of frenzy fir'd,
What daring paſſion ſuch a thought inſpir'd!
For 'twere a crime to riſque a thought impure,
Unleſs the hazard vice profeſt enſure.
Unpardon'd then! where chaſtity prepar'd
For each attack, maintain'd a double guard;
Where not a look, eſcap'd from virtue's line,
Ere glanc'd oblique upon the bold deſign;
Unleſs vice lurk within a Seraph's ſmile,
Unleſs an Angel's features cover guile.
Or ſure all hell had in its cauſe retain'd,
My tongue licentious, and licentious hand,

That

That I could ſtoop from ſo ſublime a height,
Where I had revel'd in ſuch pure delight,
And to make room for ſuch a fiend-like gueſt,
Ingrate! expel an Angel from my breaſt:
Or, by thy ſide as ruin I purſu'd,
And look'd, and lov'd, and madden'd as I view'd;
Was bliſs with ſo much extacy compleat,
That in the tumult, reaſon loſt her ſeat:
For weak the bounds, and eaſy to deſtroy,
That ſep'rate madneſs from exceſs of joy.
Delightful retroſpect! but to recal
The height, renews the horror of the fall:
Then kind oblivion wrap me in thy ſhade,
Or art thou ſlow to give the wretched aid?
But what can'ſt thou! for memory will bring
A light ſo ſtrong to pierce thy blackeſt wing;
Her keen impreſſions ſharpen ev'ry hour,
And mock the force of thy Lethæan pow'r:

The bluſhes which I wak'd on virtue's face,
In judgment riſe, and freſhen my diſgrace!
The injur'd ghoſt thus haunts the murd'rers bed,
And points the wound by which his blood was ſhed.
E'en now I hear thy indignation ſpeak,
And on my ears like diſtant thunder break;
How my heart dreads the recollected ſound!
How ev'ry word retains a pow'r to wound!
" Baſe youth! and was thy boſom taught to heave,
" With ſighs ſo well inſtructed to deceive!
" And were, to love's ſoft embaſſy unjuſt,
" Thy eyes but kindled at the flames of luſt!
" And were thy vows, in perjury's embrace,
" Begotten, ſhort-liv'd, as their birth was baſe!
" Too credulous, I laid aſide my fear,
" Look'd back each look, and thought each vow ſincere.
" If in the noble confidence of love
" I left my heart without a guide to rove,

" O, could'ſt

" O, could'ſt thou, felon, in ſuch fair diſguiſe,
" Lie wait, to make my innocence a prize!
" Ungen'rous foe, and could'ſt thou dare to creep
" On virtue's tent, her centinel aſleep!
" Go to the herd, whom arts like thine have made
" Shameleſs, to turn their crimes into a trade;
" Where grief, from ſully'd fame can never flow;
" Where all is fable, and no blot will ſhew:
" Where forward vice prevents th' intriguer's taſk,
" Where thou may'ſt be thyſelf without a maſk.
" But O, to gen'rous love reſign thy claim;
" And luſt and infamy divide thy name:
" O let my boſom teem with ev'ry thought,
" Which aids to hate thee, monſter, as I ought."
Superfluous cruelty! yet, yet revoke
This ſecond blow—I've felt the mortal ſtroke;
My life at ſound of ſeparation fled:
Then 'twere inhuman to inſult the dead!

Trace

Trace my tranſgreſſion to what ſource you pleaſe,
The brain's delirium, or the minds diſeaſe;
But think, ſevere, Oh! think not that my heart
Has long been train'd and triumphs in its art:
Withdraw this cenſure, and I'll think thee kind,
To abſence, ſcorn, and all thy hate reſign'd.
Thou well remember'ſt with how quick a ſenſe
I ſtarted, conſcious of the baſe offence;
For ere thy rage had time to note it down,
The wretch was proſtrate, ready to attone.
Rather, than cool premeditated views,
Should love, ſhould confidence like thine abuſe;
Each ſenſe let fierceſt agonies deſtroy,
And periſh ev'ry pow'r of ev'ry joy!
Curſt with an inability to hear,
When CÆLIA's accents melt upon the ear!
Unable to reſpond, each pulſe ſuppreſt,
The ſoft vibration of my CÆLIA's breaſt!

But ah! already are they not deſtroy'd,
And the breaſt left one dark and joyleſs void?
Unleſs officious memory pervade
The gloom, with light more horrid than the ſhade.
Thus through the lattice, on the captive's chains
Gleams the faint ſun, inſulting all his pains.
No more my ear thy pleaſing ſtrains ſhall greet,
Thy breaſt ſhall mine no more with tranſport meet;
'Tis not for me to ſhare the ſpeaking eye,
The ſmile alternate, and th' alternate ſigh:
'Tis not for me, rejected wretch, to claim
The due proportion of a mutual flame:
Another's bliſs I ſee thee now prepare,
Who loves like me, but not like me ſhall dare.
Let the bleſt youth, who wantons in the blaze,
And feels th' indulgence of ſerener rays;
Oppoſe his ſtate to mine, and learn by this
To know the value of ſo great a bliſs:

With trembling hand let me reverſe the poiſe;
Eye my own ſcale, and envy him ſuch joys.
Yet on his virtue let him not rely,
'Till he has brav'd the magic of that eye;
For if he venture through each ſoft degree
Of bliſs ecſtatic, he may fall like me.
Oh! to forget thee! but at each remove
My heart grows faſten'd more and more to love.
Oh! let me borrow from thy hoard of hate,
That I may ſteel my boſom to my fate.
Yet would'ſt thou pardon, how would I repent!
Kneel, weep, forget my ſex, would'ſt thou relent!
Yes, for the change, I'd wait the long delay,
Hope the mild dawn, and look my life away.
But are my vows, my proteſtations vain,
And will no ſorrow waſh away the ſtain?
No, no—for joind unanimous I ſee
Thy paſſions all confirming the decree;

E'en

E'en pride has ſet her laſt effectual ſeal,
From whoſe deciſion there is no repeal.
Adieu!—'tis paſt—and I ſubmit to fate;
And the repentant tear is ſhed too late:
Far from thy juſt reproaches let me go,
To brood in ſad'ning ſilence o'er my woe.
Some parting look, or ſtep, yet let me ſteal,
A relick purchas'd with a pilgrim's zeal!
Which I may ſtill refer to as devout,
And next my heart for ever bear about.
Or does the tenor of my doom confin'd,
Forbid to caſt a ling'ring eye behind?
But one farewell!—and we forever part,
And the link fails that binds thee to my heart.
Let rigor then my haſten'd ſteps purſue,
And ſhut thee ever from my ſad review:
Thus Eden clos'd upon the fallen pair,
And the laſt look embitter'd all their care.

ACTÆON PACIFY'D.

WHEN B——y, faithleſs to his bed,
Perceives his truant wife;
(The monſter creeping o'er his head)
He threats th' adult'rer's life.

But merchants, as they buy and ſell,
Perhaps are bought and ſold,
The culprit cries—ſo riſques the ſpell,
And tips his horns with gold.

The Cuckold huſh'd the ſpreading tale,
Nor longer ſat on thorns:
Thus fretting, tickle but a ſnail,
The creature hides its horns.

VERSES,

Occaſioned by hearing that a Party was formed to ſuppreſs Dr. GOLDSMITH's Comedy, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Succeſſit vetus his comædia, non ſine multâ
Laude———

HOR.

FROM COLMAN's beef-ſteak club, or levee, juſt come,
As comedy flew to take orders at home,
She ſtopt, and lo! Envy breath'd cloſe at her back,
On ſome dirty errand ſent poſt on a hack;
Like that which oft KENRICK for Pegaſus takes;
When the thirſt of his malice on ROSCIUS he ſlakes;

When, as if Satan drove, he rides biting his nails,
To paſte up his NIKY on ſpitals and jails.
Cries Envy, you're well overtaken Miſs Muſe;
Is it falſe what we hear, or truth is the news,
That again you have trip'd, and are now brought to bed;
And that GOLDSMITH of all men's the father, as ſaid?
I thought that to CUMBERLAND conſtant you'd been,
And had vow'd never more with another to ſin:
With him like a Ducheſs you've liv'd ſince your yielding,
In the centre of gaiety, and the new building;
Where a fine gilded coach, and of long-tails a pair,
Or flaunted you out or to play or to pray'r:
Such children you bore him, that I vow on my life,
I fancy'd you ever to be man and wife.
Or ſay, was the midwife quite tir'd at laſt
At your nature prolific, or breeding ſo faſt?
Or what ſpell has bewitch'd you yourſelf to degrade,
And the Doctor's poor laundreſs ſubmit to be made?

Where hard is your bed, and your commons are ſhort,
And your liquor, if any, ne'er mounts above Port:
Your ingratitude, Miſs, ſhall be puniſh'd, and you
The fate of your fickleneſs quickly ſhall rue;
For parties are forming all over the town
To cry this poor ſlink, and your impudence down.
Says the Muſe, you are heated, dame Envy, forbear,
And permit me to whiſper a word in your ear:
Such a ſtranger am I to that CUMBERLAND's Miſs,
That oft at her chriſt'nings I've join'd in the hiſs:
The girl which you mean was of noted ill-fame,
Slunk into the drama by cloak of my name;
With a piece of my vizor, and half of my ſock,
As like me as YOUNGE to a trull without ſmock;
Whoſe wit was all national accent diſſected,
Or all from ſome whimſical prologue reflected;
Whoſe ſcenes were ſo mongrel, you could not tell why,
That you ſcarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry.

This

This minx, as 'tis current, was Tragedy's daughter,
Begot by a Satyr, who ſleeping had caught her.
As MURPHY return'd once from Battle-Bridge Wells;
Whoſe water Chalybeate each humour expels,
(The ſervants of Phœbus and Venus go there,
Who, tho' their ails vary, the Naiad revere)
Soon Tragedy ſaw, from his ſolemn purſuing
His walk, that ſome future Alzuma's were brewing,
That with pirated ſpeeches his brain was quite big,
And fear'd that before he reach'd home he might pig:
So, whether ſhe long'd for this miſchievous frolic,
Or ſudden was ſeiz'd with a fit of the cholic,
She turn'd round a corner, and gave him the ſlip,
If not quite in labour, left worſe in the hip.
It ſeems, whilſt the bard took his mineral in,
Herſelf ſhe regal'd with a potion of gin;
Whoſe fumes ſoporific had now reach'd her head,
That ſhe made the firſt hillock ſhe met with her bed.

A Sa-

A Satyr ſurpriz'd her, and ſtole on her grace,
And hence this Hermophrodite grief and grimace
Yet ſo like the mother in feature and ſhape,
That no jury in England could prove it a rape.
But ſprung from quite diff'rent embraces am I,
Rule the muſcles of laughter, and not of the eye;
For if any are fonder than I of a tear,
Let them have what they wiſh, and ſee GARRICK in Lear.
If they laugh 'till they cry, their tears have my will,
But grief's ſimple water I never diſtil;
Nor ſuch war with man's vices and weakneſſes wage,
As if a field preacher had mounted the ſtage.
If I muſt moralize, I ne'er drop the wag,
To tickle their ſores with a feather my brag;
And muſt the plume be ſentimentally dipp'd,
Let it not be all ſous'd, but ingeniouſly tipp'd.
Then hear, and go tell it; I ne'er ſhall ſubmit
To ſign Imprimatur to ſcenes without wit;

That in courts or in garrets to genius a friend,
No proſtitute I on the Doctor attend:
Thus back'd, know thy malice my fav'rite defies;
By ſentence of party true merit ne'er dies;
But appeals to a court that is ſway'd by no grudge,
Where the jury are Britons; and candour is judge;
Where envy diſarm'd ſhall revile if ſhe can,
At the union of wit, and the beſt natur'd man.

UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

———*Ovo prognatus eodem.*

HOR.

WHEN late, grown a Methodiſt, Comedy took
A more meaſur'd deportment and ſanctify'd look,
With a ſigh, and a ſad palpitation of heart,
And the tears in ſucceſſion ſtill ready to ſtart;

The

The Muſe, who calls all that is ſolemn her own,
Began to ſuſpect a deſign on her throne;
And vow'd for ſuch treſpaſs, repeatedly made
On the line which had long been the bounds of her trade;
That ſhe'd enter an action againſt the offender,
And puniſh this inſolent baſtard pretender:
But the law, as it mightily deals in ſuſpenſe,
Affirm'd till next term that it could not commence;
But ſince the impoſtor has never been ſeen,
And Drury-Lane whiſpers ſhe died of the ſpleen;
And Tragedy's thoughts were diverted from law,
For MURPHY and HOME were at once in the ſtraw.
But ſince GOLDSMITH has offer'd more recent occaſion
To revive the dead proceſs, and threats of invaſion;
And the grave Connoiſſeurs were agreed in the cry,
No demur could be made, but the action would lie:
More boldly ſhe ſu'd, but the action was loſt,
To each prophet's confuſion, and Tragedy's coſt;

For

For no witneſs could ſtand to the proof of a feature,
So unlike was his Muſe to the counterfeit creature.
Ee'n Tragedy's ſelf, who incog. was a liſt'ning,
As grave, in the Slips, as a whore at a chriſt'ning;
The trial half over, not proof to her wiles,
Found her hard coſtive viſage relaxing to ſmiles;
And fear'd if ſhe ſtaid that her face would miſcarry,
Tho' her features were ſet to do juſtice to BARRY;
While Pit, Boxes, Galleries, laughing agree
T' acquit the defendant, and record this decree.
" Know, GOLDSMITH from nature his preceps has caught;
" She gave him the outlines, he ſhaded the thought:
" No counterfeit colours he dares to impart,
" Nor gives bribes to the ſenſes, to biaſs the heart.
" He writes not to ſcenes, but compels to his wit,
" Scenes, Managers, Players, and dreſs to ſubmit.
" E'en party ſhall, loſing its prejudice, ſay,
" He qualifies Actors, not Actors his Play."

An ELEGY,

To the Memory of a FRIEND. Written a Year after his Death.

——Cui pudor & juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem.

AT midnight hour, why gleams with ſullen ſweep
Thy viſionary form acroſs my mind,
To fright me from the ſoft embrace of ſleep,
And chill me waking with thy frown unkind?

Com'ſt thou ſevere my tardineſs to chide
With ſtern reproach, for many a trifling ſong?
Methinks I hear thee ſay, "If thou had'ſt dy'd,
"I had not left thee thus unwept ſo long."

Forgive, dear ſhade, if twelve long moons are fled,
Since in the grave thy dear remains were laid;
(Tho' witneſs heav'n how much my heart has bled)
And yet thy votive rites have not been paid.

Who feels the moſt is mute, great ſorrows pent,
For utterance heave beneath a load of pains;
When not ſo burthen'd, with a happier vent
Leſs griefs evaporate in mournful ſtrains.

Not that the heart-felt tears have never flow'd;
At thought of thee they muſt for ever flow:
Not that th' upbraided Muſe has never vow'd
A mournful verſe, or meant to break her vow.

But how could I inſult thee with a lyre,
Whoſe ſtrings had not forgotten yet the lays,
Which CÆLIA's charms, or friendſhip could inſpire,
When ſhe was kind, and health ſtill crown'd thy days?

Yet for this long vacation, could'ſt thou aſk
An Elegy for each impaſſion'd tear,
My ſorrow would be equal to the taſk,
Exhauſtleſs, it would pay the long arrear.

By many an agonizing groan betray'd,
By many a ſuffocated ſigh confeſt,
(Thy rites, tho' not forgotten, yet unpaid)
Thy mem'ry long was bury'd in my breaſt.

But my breaſt now gives up its dead to riſe,
And pierce new born this grief's ſurrounding gloom:
So ſhall thy duſt, when ſummon'd to the ſkies,
Awake enobled from the ſilent tomb.

Through time's ſoft medium grief may be engag'd,
As forms leſs frightful grow through Amber ſeen;
Whoſe recent ſtings, beyond enduring, keen,
Sheath'd in the balm of years, become aſſuag'd.

Then

Then recollection looſe thy chain, recall,
And bid each ſoft endearment to return
Which link'd our hearts, for I can bear them all,
In grief ecſtatick, whilſt I claſp thy urn.

Recall the muſick of the early horn,
The tale well-form'd our wand'rings to deceive;
When roſy exerciſe awak'd the morn,
Or ſocial converſe led us out at eve.

The ſpot reviſit, where our youth was ſpent,
Where joys were for maturer years prepar'd;
Where I had wiſh'd to live and die content,
To ſhare thoſe pleaſures had thy life been ſpar'd.

There, in each hill, each valley, and each tree,
That riſes frequent on my ſad review,
Never to fade, I mark each fair degree
By which our friendſhip to perfection grew.

Their

Their ſhadowy arms where yon twin beeches throw,
Oft haſt thou caught thy fav'rite Homer's rage;
As oft exchang'd it for the temp'rate glow,
The milder raptures of the Mantuan page.

There, fir'd by thee, I firſt eſſay'd to ſing;
My earlieſt ſtrain is dated from that ſhade:
And there, temptation to retouch the ſtring,
The ſimple verſe thy candid ſmiles repaid.

Oft have we plann'd the elm's umbrageous rows,
Where opens to the wind yon naked plain;
And many an oak to fancy's eye aroſe,
The future ſhelter of the Dryad train.

Obſcure in mud, where yonder Naiad ſleeps;
Or in the covert of the hazel ſhade;
Where, ſcarce awake, inglorioufly ſhe creeps,
We plann'd the torrent fall of the caſcade.

Twin'd, like our hearts, where yonder boughs unite,
With care we trimm'd the arch of the alcove:
A ſhade devoted to the pure delight
Of nobleſt friendſhip, and the chaſteſt love.

It falls!—for ah! what hand will now ſupply
The culture to mature this fair retreat?
No more, alas! beneath the mutual eye,
The meditated ſcenes ſhall riſe compleat.

Hills, vales, and groves, ye but retain a name;
Scenes once belov'd, you boaſt no charms for me!
So joyleſs now, ſay, are they ſtill the ſame,
Or did they borrow all their charms from thee?

'Twas not that other vales were not ſo fair,
'Twas not that other ſtreams leſs clear were found;
'Twas not that richer ſweets perfum'd the air,
Thy preſence only made it fairy ground.

Friendſhip like thine to Zembla's waſte of ſnow
Could all the beauties of the ſouth impart;
No ſickly ſhoot! in any clime would grow
The vig'rous native of thy Roman heart.

Yet was it here of ſuch excelling price
A hoard thy philoſophick boſom glean'd?
And was it here, untainted with its vice,
Thy young affections from the world were wean'd?

Here ſtill ſome inſpiration may remain,
Thy ſpirit here may loiter for my ſake;
And ev'ry object yet enough retain,
To keep thy fair example ſtill awake.

Each wonted ſcene then conſtant I'll frequent,
And leave each giddy vain purſuit behind;
Delightful ſolitude! if thou be lent
In heavenly viſions, whiſp'ring to my mind.

The ſtinted portion of the world's renown,
Teach me from conſcious virtue to ſupply;
Teach me alike on fortune's ſmile or frown,
To turn with reſignation in my eye.

In heav'n's high confidence compos'd,
Teach me thy life, from thankleſs murmurs free;
And on the boſom of my God repos'd,
Teach me to ſmile away my life like thee.

What, tho' thy genius led thee to admire
The ſilent joys which charm the good and wiſe;
And bade thee in the prime of youth retire,
And pomp and vain applauſes to deſpiſe.

Yet no recluſe, in bigot maxims train'd,
Wer't thou; no cynic, tho' from crouds apart:
A few to ſuit thy fortune, bleſt thy hand,
But all mankind were ſharers in thy heart.

Un-

Unſeen the deſart flow'r, to which 'tis giv'n
From man's more cultivated walks to blow,
Thus mounts in private ſacrifice to heav'n,
Nor flaunts too wide its uſeleſs ſweets to throw.

What! tho' obſcure, yet honour'd is thy grave;
Tho' no kind hand has yet a ſtone beſtow'd;
Nor other notices the turf ſhall have,
Than what my friendſhip and my Muſe has vow'd.

Yet let no pompous Epitaph proclaim,
Nor ſculptur'd marble imitate thy reſt:
Thine is the tear of virtue, nobler fame!
A nobler monument, the gen'rous breaſt!

On hearing the News of LORD LYTTELTON's Recovery, when writing the above ELEGY.

——*Pendent opera interrupta*——

VIRGIL.

WHAT ſudden ſpell has ſeiz'd upon the lyre!
In diſtant ſighs the notes of grief expire!
And for LYSANDER ere they ceaſe to flow,
What wanton joy intrudes upon my woe!
With ſtep unguarded has th' harmonious maid
Beyond the limits of her empire ſtray'd;
And dar'd, uſurping on the mourner's gloom,
To pierce the dreary neighbourhood of the tomb.
Audacious were the treſpaſs, if ſhe came
Some light fantaſtick meſſage to proclaim:

But

But ſo divine an errand will excuſe
The rudeſt viſitation of the muſe;
For on the wings of rapture ſhe arrives,
And bears expreſs that LYTTELTON revives.
Long had ſhe miniſter'd around his bed,
Mark'd the faint pulſe, and ſtay'd the languid head:
Nor yet untir'd withdrew her lenient hand;
Nor yet forſook her melancholy ſtand:
'Till Health at laſt with freſh recruits appear'd;
O'erpaid her ſervice, and reliev'd her guard.
Is there to Britain, or the Nine, a friend,
A bard, or patriot, loit'ring to attend?
See! the Muſe waves me, chides my want of zeal!
A moment then, bleſt Spirit, let me ſteal,
Without a crime, from thy deſerted bier,
Without a crime defraud thee of a tear.
This truce from grief permit, and I'll return
To pay th' unfiniſh'd duty at thy urn.

Methinks I ſee thee leaning from above,
With Angel ſmile the pious fraud approve;
As if 'twere profanation to employ
A ſingle ſtrain on any thought but joy;
And when a nation aſks a ſmile ſincere,
To let a private ſorrow interfere:
For well thy patriot boſom knew to loſe,
In gen'ral good, thy own or partial woes;
And felt revers'd the ſyſtem to prevail,
Domeſtick joy a feather in the ſcale.

On the unhappy Conſequences of a LADY's refuſing to be forced into Marriage.

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna—— HOR.

MYRA, whoſe breaſt, as pure as from above
It came, contains th' ætherial ſpark of love;

With

With whom, beyond all human rites, can bind
The act which paſſes tacit in the mind:
Robb'd of thy will, and art thou, hapleſs Maid,
Like lands, by muſty forms to be convey'd?
As if thoſe ceremonials could enſure
The heart from change, and paſſion to endure:
And will not love in gratitude create
A friend to ſtep between thee and thy fate?
Too quick alarm'd I ſee thee to maintain
Thy right, reluctant to the galling chain.
See thy ſtern parent all his love withdraw,
Rebel to nature, and to reaſon's law;
And leave thee outcaſt to the world, or worſe,
Unkindly dower'd with a parent's curſe;
Whilſt of each wiſh, of MYRA's heart poſſeſt,
Of youth, of virtue, but by wealth unbleſt,
Thy favour'd lover to deſpair conſign'd,
Mourns that he lov'd, or MYRA e'er was kind;

And cut from hope, forſakes his native ſhore,
In queſt of peace, which he muſt find no more.
Climates may vary, but no change his grief
Shall know, till death in pity ſend relief;
And an untimely grave that bliſs ſupply,
A cruel parent and the world deny.

SONG.

FROM anguiſh to anguiſh to rove,
Through all the vaſt region of care;
If to ſigh, and to doubt, and to fear, be to love,
Then teach me what 'tis to deſpair.

Will CÆLIA conſent to delight?
With a frown ſhe revokes the kind word:
Can the murderer's fix'd reſolution affright
So much as the menacing ſword?

The

The PARTING LOVER.

FROM CÆLIA's ſcorn about to fly,
Yet half inclin'd to ſtay,
I found produc'd in ev'ry ſigh
Freſh cauſe for new delay.

Farewell was forming on my tongue,
Yet loit'ring had not paſt;
For ſtill on ſome ſoft charm I hung,
Yet call'd each look my laſt.

Extremes can make the coward bold;
The teſt was too ſevere:
A ſigh ſhe labour'd to unfold,
She wip'd away the tear.

Hail

Hail ſignals that we never part!
This moment's bliſs atones
For all the anguiſh of my heart,
For all her ſcorn and frowns.

SONG.

LET the bowl be ſtrong and deep,
For I mean my cares to ſteep.
Steep'd in wine, the ſons of earth
All receive a ſecond birth.
E'en our cares regen'rate grow,
And a race of joys beſtow.
Happy, happy ſoil,
Where the culture needs no toil!
Where, from grief's invidious blight,
Springs a harveſt of delight.

To CÆLIA, on her BIRTH-DAY.

Jure ſolennis mihi; ſanctiorque
Pene natali proprio—— HOR.

CÆLIA, what's life? a journey, which we have
To make between the cradle and the grave;
Where, from the light which gilds our natal day,
Through circling years, which mark our future way;
From infancy to youth, from youth to age,
We move progreſſive on from ſtage to ſtage.
Another year, dear Maid, is yet beſtow'd,
Fair as the laſt, to help thee on thy road;
With the ſame joys to ſweeten thy review,
And aid thy ſpirits to ſet out anew:
With reaſon for thy guide ſtill travel on,
To grief a ſtranger, and fatigue unknown.
Unlike the croud, whom vanity and pride
In equal portions uſeleſsly divide:

Sad who look back o'er all their waſte of years,
A joyleſs ſcene, where ſcarce a bloom appears;
Where the eye finds no pleaſing ſpot to reſt,
Where ſtarts no thought that can conſole the breaſt:
Still more benighted as they wander through,
The trackleſs deſart wid'ning as they go.
In fair ſucceſſion as thy years encreaſe,
May all thy birth-days riſe renew'd in peace;
Made up of bliſs that never knows to cloy,
Where all is full, and nothing to enjoy:
And may thoſe annual periods ſeem to thee
But pauſes in the round of harmony;
Where the ſenſe dwells upon ſome finiſh'd air,
Which vibrates ever in the raptur'd ear.
O, may thy life in even current flow,
Not fiercely rapid, nor too dully ſlow:
And, when the hand of death ſhall change its courſe,
Like Alpheus to his Arethuſa's ſource,

Paſs

Paſs ſubterraneous through the realms of night,
To join the fountain of eternal light.

To a LADY, with a WATCH.

—*Conficiens vertentia tempora curſu*——CICERO IN ARATO.

INgenious ſcale! on which deſcrib'd we ſee
Of life's progreſſion each minute degree;
Which proves our hour the ſame, the ſame our day,
Let paſſion wing them, or let ſpleen delay.
Tho' by no vulgar regulation moves
The rapt'rous boſom of the man who loves;
No nice proportion'd ſyſtems, ſuch as rule
With juſter ſway the mathematick ſchool:
The abſent lover hence computes his pains,
And counts the ages which a day contains.
Tho' rapid expectation beat the wind,
And leave the loit'ring calendar behind;

Yet by this teſt their different courſe is try'd,
This judge muſt ev'ry cauſe of time decide;
And teach that deſtiny will ſtill prevail,
That man nor widens, nor contracts the ſcale.
Sure heav'n relented, when to human kind
So bounded an exiſtence was aſſign'd;
And ſent, in ample recompence to man,
This curious art to ſubdivide his ſpan;
Or elſe, cut out from times unmeaſur'd round,
This little dot of life would ſcarce be found:
But like a bubble on the ocean toſt,
Would in the trackleſs element be loſt.
Of ſuch a life, yet vaſt is the amount,
Where not a moment's loſt in the account;
Where, for each pulſe that quickens this machine,
Some leaf ſtill ſhoots from virtue's ever-green.
Time thus diſtinguiſh'd flies to heav'n, to be
The fair foundation of eternity.

THE END.